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William Grimshaw
INCIDENTS RECALLED:

Rec'd at Dep't. State April 13. 1879
OR
SKETCHES FROM MEMORY,

OF THE

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE IN IRELAND;
THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS; THE REBELLION OF 1798; THE IRISH
PARLIAMENT; THE UNION WITH GREAT BRITAIN; EM-
METT'S INSURRECTION; DISTINGUISHED POLITICAL
AND PROFESSIONAL CHARACTERS; REMARKABLE
DUELS; ALSO, ANECDOTES OF FASHIONABLE
LIFE; AND ROBBERS WHO INFESTED
THE COUNTRY.

BY

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW,

AUTHOR OF A "HISTORY OF ENGLAND," "HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

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"————— I shall nothing extenuate,  
Or set down aught in malice—————"  
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CONTENTS.

PART I.

First Machine for spinning Cotton-Twist, in Ireland, erected at Greencastle, by the author's father—First Cotton Mill built at Whitehouse—Protecting duties—Irish Volunteers—Grand Review—Lord Charlemont—Duke of Leinster—Dungannon Convention—Whig Club—Lord Castlereagh—United Irish Society—Arrest of Nelson, Sampson, and others. 9

PART II.

Belfast Academy—Rev. Dr. Bruce—David Manson—Robert Telfair—The way in which Candlemas was kept, at the schools, half a century ago—Barring out—Serious affair at the Belfast Academy—A ball fired through Mrs. Bruce's cap—Examinations, and mode of awarding premiums—The De Courcy family—Sons of the nobility, and coloured children, at the same school—Sir Henry Pottinger—Lord Kinsale, and the King of England. 14

PART III.

Town of Belfast—Chichester family—Marquis of Donegall—His immense estates—No daughters born in the family for a century and a half—Earl of Belfast—Is beset by gamblers—His bond for a gambling debt, cancelled, on his marrying a daughter of Sir Edward May—Serious predicament, caused by a misnomer—Great assemblage of the Irish harpers at Belfast—Lord Massereene—His escape from prison, in France—His eccentricities—Marries his house-keeper—

Death, post-mortem examination, and burial of Lady Massereene's dog—Lord Annesley marries his gardener's wife—Lord Erskine, his house-keeper—Miss Farren, the actress, becomes Countess of Derby—Miss Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans. - - - 18

PART IV.

Commemoration, at Belfast, of the destruction of the Bastile—Volunteers suppressed and disarmed—General search for arms—Execution of William Orr—Plan for his escape—Earl of Carhampton (formerly, Colonel Luttrell) commander-in-chief—His visit to Belfast—Scene with the teacher at the poor-house—His father and grandfather—Interview between his lordship and the author's father, at the Castle, in Dublin—Is annoyed by the tailor, with squibs and crackers—My father saved from arrest, by a game of cards. - - - 22

PART V.

Battle of Antrim—Death of Lord O'Neil—The sergeant's horse—Battle of Saintfield—Of Ballinahinch—Extensive conflagration—Our property carried on board a vessel—Patrol of cavalry endeavour to board us—We slip our cable, and escape. Earl of Camden recalled—Marquis Cornwallis appointed lord-lieutenant—His humane and judicious policy—Country tranquilized—The people deliver up their arms. 28

PART VI.

Great excitement in Belfast, on account of the cannon of the Blues—Arrest of their commander—Newell, the informer, takes the portraits of the United Irishmen—Is drowned at Larne—Another informer drowned in Cromach Creek, and one shot, in Belfast—Joseph Kelsey joins the Orangemen—Insults a young girl, and is killed—McKelvey assassinated, on his return from the assizes—Conviction of William Kane, and his wonderful escape from prison. - - - 32

PART VII.

White Linen Hall, in Belfast, set on fire by the Lancashire Dragoons—Fire engine from Whitehouse arrests the flames—Coup de grace

given, by the author, to the Belfast engine—Heads on pikes—Henry McCracken—His execution—His sisters endeavour to restore him to life—Their museum of the martyrs' clothes. . . . 40

PART VIII.

The author is sent to Dublin—Danger of travelling in the mail-coach—Is escorted by Enniskillen Dragoons—Legislative union with Great Britain—His father is summoned to the house of commons—The author enters the body of the house, through mistake—Description of members—The speaker—Lord Castlereagh—Mr. Isaac Corry—Henry Grattan—His duel with Mr. Corry—Sir Neil O'Donnell—Description of the house, and of the house of lords—Union Bill passed—Protecting duties retained until 1824—Impolicy of protection—The lord-lieutenant going to parliament, in state—Battle-axe guards, or beef-eaters—The lord-chancellor and lord-mayor—Failure of the crops—Liberality of Lord Cornwallis. . . . 44

PART IX.

The lord-mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and common council of the city of Dublin—Manner of their election—Freemen of the several Guilds—Government of the city principally in the hands of the mechanics—Sir William Worthington—His marriage with the two widows—Dublin society—Botanic garden—General Vallancy—Theatres of Dublin—Eminent performers—Frederick Jones and the Dog of Montargis—Riot at the Crow Street Theatre, and entire destruction of the interior—Dibden and Belzoni—Eminent lawyers—Curran—McNally, O'Connell, Bushe, Barrington, Saurin, Ponsonby, Plunket, Ball, and Joy—Lords Clare, Redesdale, and Manners—Description of their persons. . . . 49

PART X.

Lord Cornwallis is succeeded by the Earl of Hardwicke—His great popularity—Robert Emmett—Thomas Addis Emmett—Counsellor Sampson—Emmett's insurrection—Murder of Lord Kilwarden and his nephew, Mr. Wolfe—Garrison of Dublin—Dispersion of Emmett's men—Mounting guard—Trial of the insurgents—Redmond

attempts to commit suicide, in jail—His trial and execution—Arrest of Emmett—His trial, speech, and execution—Lord Norbury—Emmett's depot—Miss Curran and her sister. - - - 57

PART XI.

The Duke of Bedford, lord-lieutenant—Duchess of Bedford—Her loss at cards—Duchess of Gordon and the skip-rope—Duke of Richmond, lord-lieutenant—His duels with the Duke of York and Theophilus Swift—Mademoiselle Queraille—Duke of Wellington—Mr. Peel, Irish secretary, challenges O'Connell—Death of the Duke of Richmond, in Canada, of hydrophobia—Archibald Hamilton Rowan—His return from exile. - - - 69

PART XII.

Series of remarkable and fatal duels—Mr. Hatchell and Mr. Morley—Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough—Major Campbell and Captain Boyd—Execution of Major Campbell, for murder. - - - 74

PART XIII.

The Author removes to the county of Meath—State of the country—Operation of carding a man's back—Is robbed, by three men, on the highway—Pursuit of the robbers, their arrest, and execution—Deadly conflict with the police—Patroles organized by Gustavus Lambert and the author—Burglars taken and executed, and the neighbourhood cleared of marauders—Robbery of the Marquis Wellesley's agent, at Dangan Castle—Roger O'Connor tried for robbing the Cork mail. 77

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PART I.

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My father, the late Nicholas Grimshaw, being the first that introduced the spinning of cotton twist into Ireland, besides being a person of liberal education, and great public spirit, seems to have been a leading character, in his neighbourhood, from nearly his earliest settlement in the country. He was a native of Blackburn, in Lancashire, the birth-place of the late Sir Robert Peel; who, I have understood, was a near relation of my father's; and I know we have, in our family, the same Christian names as the Peels, viz. Thomas, Edmund, William, and Robert. My father and Mr. Peel were nearly of the same age, and commenced business about the same time; but they were of very different dispositions; the former being fond of improving his property, by the planting of trees, and other ornaments, and also passing his summers at the fashionable watering-places in England; incurring an expense, not altogether warranted in a manufacturer, having fourteen children to support. He was also unremittingly attentive to the interests of the public; to which, Mr. Peel, being a man of much less education than my father

was, in the early part of his career, but very slightly devoted.

The late Nicholas Grimshaw, who filled the office of mayor of the city of Preston, for more than forty consecutive years; and also the late Henry Fielding, of Garstang; were first cousins of my father's. Our name is pure Anglo-Saxon, signifying "a dark wood;" and there is a dilapidated village, in Lancashire, in ancient times the residence of our family, from which it is derived.

My father came to Ireland, as I can collect from the births registered in the family Bible, about the year 1776, shortly after the improved system of spinning cotton-twist, the invention of which seems, with justice, partly to be attributed to Richard (afterwards Sir Richard) Arkwright, had been brought to some degree of efficiency, if not of perfection. His motive for settling in Ireland seems to have been twofold,—first, to evade the operation of Arkwright's patent, (which did not, at any time, extend to Ireland,) and secondly, to reap advantage from the comparatively low rate of wages in that country. But in both these objects, he had evidently miscalculated. The advantage derived from the non-payment for the patent-right, was more than counterbalanced by the isolated position in which he placed himself, with regard to the obtaining of machinery, and the speedy adoption of new improvements; and the difference of wages was equally countervailed, by the waste and expense attending the instruction and training of raw hands. The consequence was, that, although the profits were considerable, owing to the infancy of the business, and the small competition, yet, in the course of time, he found himself constrained to apply to the Irish Parliament, for *protection*, in the nature of what is now called a *tariff*, amounting to ten per cent. upon cotton-twist; and, subsequently, when he commenced the printing of calicoes, in which he became highly distinguished for his taste and the permanency of his colours, he induced the parliament to impose a protective duty, also, on the latter article, amounting to more than one shilling per square yard; duties, which, it will appear, in the sequel, contributed rather to retard, than to accelerate the extension and perfection of the cotton manufacture, in Ireland.

My father's first place of settlement was in the parish of Belfast, county of Antrim, about three miles north of that

town, and five from the ancient, but poverty-stricken city, of Carrickfergus, on the site of an old linen bleach-green, or flax-mill, called Greencastle; where the writer of this memoir was born. In a small building, still in existence, near the high-road, and the sea-shore, at a landing-place, known as the Lime-stones, was erected the first machinery for spinning cotton-twist in Ireland. The machine being circular, and kept in motion both day and night, realized, in the first year, the enormous sum of eighteen hundred pounds, or eight thousand dollars. The water, however, at Greencastle, being found insufficient for an extensive business, my father purchased another site, adjoining, and further to the north, situated in the parish of Carnmoney; upon which, is since erected the beautiful and extensive village of Whitehouse, still the property of my family, with more than three hundred dwelling-houses, and having appurtenant one hundred and seventy English acres of good land, surrounded by a plantation of trees, with other rural improvements; in which, my brothers take great delight.

At Whitehouse, in conjunction with Mr. Nathaniel Wilson, a gentleman of some enterprise and capital, a new cotton-mill was erected, in 1785, capable of holding four thousand spindles and preparation; and, about ten years afterwards, by the enlargement of an old building, originally used for bleaching lawns, by a lady, named Tomb, another mill was organized, containing about an equal number of spindles; which was the greatest extent ever ventured on by any of the family; and these two mills, about twelve years ago, were converted to the purpose of spinning flax; the spinning of cotton, in Ireland, having become almost wholly unprofitable, owing to the gigantic competition in Great Britain.

Belfast, which, at the time my father settled in its neighbourhood, contained only about ten thousand inhabitants, now reckons, at both sides of the Lagan, in the counties of Antrim and Down, not less than one hundred thousand.

One of my earliest recollections, is seeing my father in the uniform of the Whitehouse Volunteers, a fine body of men, principally farmers, sixty in number; of which, my father, on the removal from the neighbouring village of Whiteabbey, of Mr. Bateson, afterwards Sir Thomas Bateson, became captain; having previously been first lieutenant.

Mr. Bateson, with great liberality, presented to my father the whole armament, camp equipage, and equipments, which had all been provided at that gentleman's expense. The uniform was scarlet coats, with light green facings, cocked hats, short white small clothes, clubbed and powdered hair, and all the other inconvenient peculiarities of that day. The corps was distinguished, in the field, for its perfect discipline and correct firing; and the Blue Company, of Belfast, commanded by my brother-in-law, Mr. Robert Getty, an extensive shipping merchant of that port, was also a fine looking body of men, and equally admired for their soldierly appearance.

I recollect, when a very little boy, being present at a grand review of a large body of volunteers, many thousand in number, on the Plains, near Belfast; Lord Charlemont, commander of all the volunteers in Ulster, being at their head. The Duke of Leinster, the elder brother of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was then commander-in-chief in Ireland, their numbers exceeding one hundred thousand. They were embodied, during the American Revolution, to repel a threatened invasion of the French; the whole number of regular troops, left in the island, I have heard my father say, not then amounting to three thousand. They elected their own officers, and furnished their own arms, accoutrements, and ammunition, wholly independent of any aid from the government. When, in the year 1782, the Irish Parliament, Henry Grattan being the leader in the House of Commons, commenced that celebrated struggle, which eventuated in establishing what was denominated their "Independence," a simultaneous movement was made by the volunteers; three hundred companies of which, including the Whitehouse corps, elected their commanders, as delegates, and constituted what is known, in history, as the Dungannon Convention; causing the government to feel their weight, and to dread a power, which, after the peace which succeeded the independence of the thirteen American colonies, and the destruction of the Bastile, in Paris, changed its original purpose, of defending the country against its external enemies, and now determined to effectuate a salutary change in several particulars; chiefly, as regarded parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, and abolition of tithes, not omitting, also, the abolition of the slave trade. This movement resulted in the

formation, first of a Whig Club in Belfast (afterwards modified into the Society of United Irishmen,) without a test; of which, my father and my brother-in-law, the Honourable Robert Stewart, afterwards the famous Lord Castlereagh, the recently deceased Dr. White, of Baltimore, married to a sister of Mr. Getty, William and Robert Simms, Samuel Nelson, and other gentlemen, were members. This was succeeded by a more extended combination, under the same name, with a test and secret sign; the *avowed* objects of which, were confined to parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, and the abolition of tithes; but their ultimate design, doubtless, from the first, embraced a revolution, and entire separation from Great Britain.

The government soon became alarmed, and, by means of suborned informers, obtained information with regard to the real objects of this formidable combination; which soon embraced most of the respectable citizens, unconnected with the administration. Numerous arrests occurred. The first took place in 1796, when I was a student at the Belfast Academy; from which, I absented myself, one day, in order to bear a part in the excitement. I remember, about ten o'clock in the morning, when nearly opposite the Exchange, seeing Counsellor Sampson stop Samuel Nelson, and saying to him, "Sam, they are looking for you;" when the other replied, "I have some little private business to attend to, and then I will give myself up."

Sampson, as well as Nelson, was himself amongst the number of the prisoners, besides several others; of whom, I recollect Messrs. William and Robert Simms; Mr. Richardson, of the county of Tyrone, a relation of my family; Mr. William Tennent; Captain Russel, formerly an officer in the army; and Mr. Luke Teeling, a gentleman far advanced in years, the only Roman Catholic of the whole number, father of Bartholomew Teeling, who, having been taken prisoner, two years afterwards, near Killala, in the army of General Humbert, was executed for high treason. None of those gentlemen, arrested at that time, were then brought to trial, but, the habeas corpus act having been suspended, they all suffered a tedious imprisonment; and, of Captain Russell, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

PART II.

Belfast Academy—Rev. Dr. Bruce—David Manson—Robert Telfair—

The way in which Candlemas was kept, at the schools, half a century ago—Barring out—Serious affair at the Belfast Academy—A ball fired through Mrs. Bruce's cap—Examinations, and mode of awarding premiums—The De Courcy family—Sons of the nobility, and coloured children, at the same school—Sir Henry Pottinger—Lord Kinsale, and the King of England.

HAVING spoken of the Belfast Academy, at that time, and, for many previous and subsequent years, under the superintendence of the learned and highly accomplished William Bruce, D. D., a minister of one of the Unitarian congregations of Belfast, more generally known as "new-light Presbyterian," I shall here digress from my political narrative, in order to give the reader some idea of the peculiarities of the time, with regard to the observance of a certain fast-day in the church, and the conduct of the scholars, at some of the seminaries in the north of Ireland.

The first public school to which I recollect being sent, was that kept in Donegall Street, adjoining the Brown Linen Hall, by Mr. David Manson; author of several highly popular elementary books, for youth; a man not less eminent for his success in giving instruction to children of both sexes, in the primary branches of an English education (not including either writing or arithmetic) than remarkable for the originality and peculiarity of his discipline, and beloved for the amiable qualities of his heart. The anniversary of Candlemas was observed, in this school, by the presentation, to the master, of small sums of money, varying from one to two shillings, by each scholar; the boy who made the largest present being honoured with the title of king; the girl, of queen; and placed at the head of the form or bench. Then, came the entertainment; which consisted of a glass of good warm wine-negus, and a nice biscuit, to each; and the scholars were dismissed. At the writing-school, kept in High Street, near the old Market House, by Mr. Robert

Telfair, the entertainment was something of the same character, but differed from it, in this, that, instead of wine-negus, we were treated to a glass of good strong hot whiskey-punch, and the scholars who were gifted with any vocal accomplishments, were assembled around the master's desk, and amused their companions with various specimens of their peculiar powers, some of them highly amusing; as there were mostly present young men, who, having embraced a sea-faring life, were perfecting themselves in the art of writing. As a writing master, Mr. Telfair (a native of Scotland) was not only eminent, but remarkable, having only one finger and one thumb, and these on his left hand; yet, notwithstanding this serious privation, there was not, in the whole island, a professor of chirography, who wrote a more rapid and beautiful hand, or could castigate an unruly or slow-learning urchin with more adroitness and effect.

A species of "lynch law," called "barring out," was, at this period, not unfrequently practised against the masters. On the death of the lamented Manson, I was placed at what was called the "New Academy," in Ann Street, Belfast, under the superintendence of the Rev. Jacob Stewart and Mr. Macnamara. The boys had demanded some vacation, not assented to by the heads of the seminary; and the boarders, aided by a few of the largest of the day-scholars, got up a "barring out," which continued for several days. Even ladies in the neighbourhood, supplied the revolvers with provisions; which were hoisted up, in a satchel, to one of the windows, by means of a rope. How this affair terminated, I cannot now remember; but it was the precursor of a much more serious issue, of the same kind, between the boarders of the Old Academy, in Donegall Street, and the principal, Dr. Bruce. The boarders were sixty in number, the day-scholars more than twice that number; and the former, having made demands, to which the stern disposition of Dr. Bruce would not permit him to accede, took possession of two of the school-rooms, which they barricaded, so as totally to exclude the teachers. The intercession of the Rev. Mr. Bristow, the venerated sovereign or chief magistrate of the town, and, by virtue of his office, president of the board of the institution, failed to induce the youths to yield. They increased their stock of provisions, by cutting a hole through the floor, and descending into the pantry of Mrs.

Bruce; and, when that most estimable lady approached the outer doors of the chamber, in order to effect a compromise, a ball was discharged from a pistol, which penetrated the door, actually passed through her cap, and was flattened against the opposite wall. I cannot believe that the young men were aware of the proximity of Mrs. Bruce; nor that young Arbuckle, to whom the pistol was said to belong, would, knowingly, have been guilty of so unmanly an outrage. The ball, however, in its flattened state, was thrown to the crowd, assembled outside of the building, and I had it in my hand.

After this unhappy state of things had subsisted for several days, the young men, at the intercession of Mr. Bristow, surrendered, it was said, on condition that "not a hair of their heads should be touched." But if their *hair* was not touched, their *backs* did not escape; for the ring-leaders were stripped to the buff, tied to the desks, and most severely flogged, and dismissed; which reminds one of the assurance given, by Charles the First, to his friend Lord Strafford, when threatened with impeachment by the House of Commons, that "if he came up to London, not a hair of his head should be touched;" yet, when found guilty by the House of Lords, his majesty, most inhumanly and disgracefully, suffered him to be executed, without offering to interpose the royal pardon.

The semi-annual examinations were held in the Library, and were conducted, at that distinguished seminary, in the most solemn and impartial manner. All the literati of the town and neighbourhood, were invited to witness the recitals, to interrogate the students, and award the premiums. The teachers were not permitted to ask a single question, but merely designated the portions of any particular classical or English work, or the rules of arithmetic, &c., in which the scholars had previously been directed, by the masters, to prepare themselves; nor were the names of the scholars disclosed to the examiners; to whom, tickets were given, with numbers written upon them, which were deposited in the hat of the president, and by him counted, and the successful candidate declared. The president, with his golden chain, the emblem of his office, as sovereign or chief magistrate of the borough, sat at the head of a long oval table, covered with handsome green cloth, the classes being arranged at the

opposite end; the teachers at one side of the table, and the examiners at the other.

My fellow-citizens of the United States will doubtless be startled, when I inform them, that, at this celebrated academy were to be seen young lads of colour, sent, by their fathers, for education, both from the East and the West Indies, intermingled with the sons of the proudest gentry and nobility in the land. Cotemporary with myself, were a brother of the celebrated 'Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas, Henry, and Eldred Pottinger—the second brother recently so distinguished as the British Commissioner in China; also, four youths, closely related to the De Courcy family, nephews of Admiral De Courcy, and Lord Viscount Kinsale; two of whom, John and William Meade, were my class-mates, in the classical department. Their father was a clergyman of the established church, universally respected and beloved, for his amiable qualities, and vicar of the parish of Carnmoney, distant a few miles from Belfast, where my family reside. But the sacred profession, neither of the principal of the institution, nor of their father, restrained these boys from partaking in the pugilistic encounters, in which nearly every student of the academy occasionally indulged, in set matches. I saw John Meade, a large and heavily-made lad, for his age, actually fight four boys, not younger than himself, in a field within view from the library windows, until, exhausted by his exertions, he fell down with his clenched hands upon the sod; and we put an end to the contest.

Nearly every one has heard of the peculiar honour conferred upon an ancestor of Lord Kinsale, by one of the Kings of England. Having performed some important service in the army, his majesty asked De Courcy, what favour he could confer upon him, that would be acceptable; when the gallant soldier simply asked, for himself and his descendants, the privilege "of wearing his hat in presence of the king."

PART III.

Town of Belfast—Chichester family—Marquis of Donegall—His immense estates—No daughters born in the family for a century and a half—Earl of Belfast—Is beset by gamblers—His bond for a gambling debt, cancelled, on his marrying a daughter of Sir Edward May—Serious predicament, caused by a misnomer—Great assemblage of the Irish harpers at Belfast—Lord Massereene—His escape from prison, in France—His eccentricities—Marries his house-keeper—Death, post-mortem examination, and burial of Lady Massereene's dog—Lord Annesley marries his gardener's wife—Lord Erskine, his house-keeper—Miss Farren, the actress, becomes Countess of Derby—Miss Mellon, Duchess of St. Albans.

THE foundation of the town of Belfast, situated at the mouth of the river Lagan, at the head of the bay, in the county of Antrim, and province of Ulster, is of great antiquity; and little is known of its history, until garrisoned, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in the reign of James the First, by one of the Chichester family, ancestor of the present Marquis of Donegall. The estates of this nobleman, chiefly in the counties of Antrim and Donegall, embrace not less than seventy thousand acres, yielding an annual income of sixty thousand pounds, rented at very moderate rates, on an average not half the value of the land. Of this estate, my family hold, in perpetuity, or by lease of lives renewable for ever, by presenting a pepper-corn, as a fine, for each renewal, as I have before stated, one hundred and seventy acres, worth, with the improvements, not less than fifty thousand pounds, at an annual rent of only sixty pounds; but my father paid pretty large sums, to several tenants, for ancient leases. It is remarkable, what I have heard, that, since about the year 1690, when the old mansion or castle of the Chichester family was accidentally destroyed by fire, in which a lady of the family lost her life, not a single female child of the name has been born; although I know that the father of the present marquis, who died about three years ago, had a dozen sons.

The Chichester family have always been liberal landlords; and it is much to be regretted, that the recently deceased marquis, during the whole course of a long life (for he died in his 76th year) should have been labouring under pecuniary embarrassments. Before he had completed his thirtieth year, then bearing the title of the Earl of Belfast, he fell into the company of persons, in London, who induced him to play for large sums. To the late Sir Edward May, he lost not less than twenty thousand pounds; and he at length found himself confined within the "rules" of the Fleet Prison. His principal tenants—my father amongst the number—subscribed, to release him; and Sir Edward, having a daughter of distinguished beauty, his lordship's bond for the amount of the gambling debt, was offered to be cancelled, on condition of his becoming her husband; a proposal which was readily accepted. Though, however, this lady was of a truly amiable disposition, the marriage had nearly proved fatal to the regular succession of his children, to their father's titles and estates. When the present marquis, then Earl of Belfast, had come of age, and had entered into a marriage contract with the daughter of an English nobleman, the day before that which was fixed for the solemnization of the matrimonial union, an anonymous letter was written to the young lady's father, cautioning him against giving his daughter to the earl, on the ground of his being *illegitimate*, by reason of some irregularity in the marriage of his mother. The ceremony was consequently postponed; and a bill having been filed in the English Chancery (the marquis being also a British peer, by the title of Baron Fisherwicke) to perpetuate the testimony of witnesses, it appeared, that when Sir Edward May intermarried with the mother of the marchioness, a previous wife of his, whom he had supposed dead, was then living on the Continent; the second marriage was therefore a nullity: the maiden name of the marchioness was not MAY—the name of her father—but, in conformity with the English common law, it was that of her *mother*. The marchioness was therefore married by a misnomer, and her numerous family, as well as herself, her sister, Mrs. Vernon, and her brother, Sir Stephen May, were all illegitimate. This was a most unfortunate and heart-rending calamity; but, by the friendly interposition of Lord Castle-reagh, then prime-minister of England, an act of parliament

was obtained, curing the defect of the marriage of the marquis with the baronet's daughter, and conferring upon the children all the rights ensuing from legal wedlock.

For a long series of years, Belfast had been distinguished, in Ireland, for its public spirit. First in commerce and manufactures, it was also, in proportion to its pecuniary resources, first in the advancement of the sciences and liberal arts. Observing, with deep regret, the rapid decrease of its national minstrels, a number of gentlemen, of that town and its vicinity—my father being included—formed a society, for preserving from extinction the soul-stirring melodies of the Irish harp; and, for that purpose, invited, from every part of the kingdom, the performers upon that instrument who still remained. They assembled, at the Exchange Rooms, on the 12th of July, 1792; and, premiums having been offered for the best performers, Mr. Edward Bunting, an eminent professor of music, was engaged, to take down the tunes, as they were successively played. About thirty airs were accordingly noted; and these, with some additional *parts*, or rather harmonies, added, many years afterwards, by Sir John Stephenson, with appropriate verses, by Mr. Thomas Moore, of Dublin, form those exquisite pieces, known as the Irish Melodies; which seem destined to delight the lovers of tender, pathetic, and impassioned music, as long as an ear for harmony shall exist.

I have a faint recollection of a visit, to my father, of an eccentric nobleman, the Earl of Massereene, then recently returned from imprisonment in France. The prevailing impression was, that Lord Massereene had been confined in the Bastile, whence he had escaped, when that fortress was stormed and destroyed by the populace, on the 14th of July, 1789. But this supposition was erroneous. The earl had not been a prisoner of state, but had been confined in one of the ordinary municipal jails, for debt; having been induced, by a set of swindlers, to give them his notes, or bonds, under pretence that they were concerned in some extensive mining operations, promising, to his lordship and themselves, an exorbitant return. These securities having been negotiated, and not paid when they arrived at maturity, the earl was arrested, by the holders, and imprisoned; and it was by the aid of a young woman, a daughter of the keeper of the prison, who accompanied him in his escape, that his liberation was

effected. I was intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Warren, Lord Massereene's attorney; who, twenty years afterwards, informed me, that a suit was then pending, in the Irish Chancery, for the recovery of the amount due upon some of those responsibilities; but, how it terminated, I never made inquiry.

Lord Massereene was a very singular character. Enjoying only a comparatively small income, about four thousand pounds per annum, he spent a secluded life, principally at his residence near Antrim, called Massereene Castle; to the top of which he was hoisted, daily, by means of a windlass, whence he had a prospect of Lough Neagh, and its surrounding shores. I have several times seen him at the theatre in Dublin; in which city, also, he had a house, in Merion Square, in the company of an elderly lady, whom he had married, late in life, his former house-keeper, a Mrs. Blackburne.

Unequal marriages, amongst the nobility of Europe, are not so unfrequent, as to cause much astonishment in society. The superannuated Earl of Annesley, having taken a fancy to the handsome young widow of his own gardener, shared with her his coronet. I have seen her, also, at the same theatre; but not with her aged lord, as she preferred the company of younger men. The late Duchess of St. Albans, likewise, I have seen upon the stage, in Liverpool, as Miss Mellon; Lord Erskine, at the age of seventy, married his house-keeper; and the mother of the distinguished statesman, Lord Stanley, was Miss Farren, a celebrated comedian, taken from histrionic life by his lordship's father, the Earl of Derby.

When residing in Merion Square, a favourite dog of Lady Massereene's, notwithstanding the attendance of several eminent physicians, paid the debt of nature. It seemed quite an unusual incident, that so highly valued a pet, the beloved of a countess, should die; and, to ascertain the cause of so extraordinary an occurrence, a *post-mortem* examination was held; and the afflicting scene was ended, by enclosing the body of the dear animal in a leaden coffin, with his name and character inscribed thereon; and, after pouring forth a copious flood of tears, transmitting it, for interment, amongst the feudal ancestors of her noble partner, in the family vault

at Massereene Castle, a distance of more than one hundred miles.

On the death of Lord Massereene, his brother, the Hon. Henry Skeffington, who inherited the title and estates, disputed the validity of her ladyship's marriage, but she held possession of the castle; and it was not until a handsome dower was secured to her, that she could be induced to open the gates for the reception of the new lord; after which, she married a young man, named Doran, the son of a clergyman, who had originally officiated in the church of Rome.



PART IV.

Commemoration, at Belfast, of the destruction of the Bastile—Volunteers suppressed and disarmed—General search for arms—Execution of William Orr—Plan for his escape—Earl of Carhampton (formerly, Colonel Luttrell) commander-in-chief—His visit to Belfast—Scene with the teacher at the poor-house—His father and grandfather—Interview between his lordship and the author's father, at the Castle, in Dublin—Is annoyed by the tailor, with squibs and crackers—My father saved from arrest, by a game of cards.

BELFAST may be considered as the cradle of that extended confederacy, which resulted in the rebellion of 1798.

The first open demonstration of the political sentiments of the leading spirits of republicanism, occurred shortly after the destruction of the Bastile. An immense number of persons, chiefly connected with the celebrated Volunteer Association, dined together, at the White Linen Hall, in Belfast; most of whom had marched from distant parts of the country, in regular corps. The banners exhibited in the procession which preceded the dinner, borne by the sons of the principal leaders, were of the most significant description; bearing the portraits of Franklin, Mirabeau, and other distinguished advocates of freedom, and the rights of man; that of the former having the well-known motto, "Where Liberty

is, there is my country;" and the toasts, drunk after dinner, were of a character the most marked and violent. One of the volunteer companies, known as the "Reds," to distinguish them from the "Blues," changed the style of their uniform and insignia; substituting *green* jackets for the red; and, instead of a button with the Harp surmounted by the Irish Crown, inverted the order of those insignia, by placing the English Crown *under* the Harp. This imprudent act soon elicited the attention and vigilance of the Irish Government. The volunteers were declared, by proclamation, an illegal and treasonable association; and searches were instituted, in every part of the North of Ireland, for their arms, and indeed for arms of every description. My father's and brother's houses, amongst the rest, were frequently visited by the military; and everything of the kind, not previously concealed, carried off. Even the pewter plates and dishes, at that time in common use among the farmers, were seized, lest they might be converted into bullets; and the conduct of the soldiers, in the discharge of that duty, especially of the Irish Militia, was ill-calculated to arrest a spirit of sedition. Matters grew every day more serious. In every part of the kingdom, societies of United Irishmen were organized; and all my brothers, of sufficient age, as well as myself, then only in my fifteenth year, were enrolled as members; whilst arms, including pikes, were collected and manufactured, and carefully concealed. The number of United Irishmen, of the Protestant religion, was not less than one hundred and twenty thousand.

The first person executed for his connection with the United Irish Society, was William Orr; a respectable farmer, who resided near Donegor Hill, a few miles distant from my father's house. The oath taken by the United Irishmen, was not, *in itself* treasonable; but it was made so, by a sort of *ex post facto* act of the Irish Parliament; by the provisions of which, any person who had taken the oath of the society, and omitted, within a defined period, to go before a magistrate, and take the oath of allegiance, was to be adjudged guilty of high-treason. Orr, not having complied with this requisition, was arrested, on the oath of a soldier, who testified that the former had tendered the obnoxious oath to him; and, on the unsupported evidence of that man, a fellow of infamous character, Orr was convicted; and, after

several respites from the lord-lieutenant, executed, at Carrickfergus, in the summer, I think, of 1796. I remember seeing his coffin conveyed, on a car, along the shore-road, past my father's place, and immense crowds, of both sexes, hurrying to witness the melancholy scene. Every boat in the harbour was put in requisition for the occasion; the gallows, consisting of three pillars, standing on the Commons, near Carrickfergus, close by the sea.

The conviction of Orr had excited the liveliest sympathy, amongst that portion of the community, who were then arrayed in sentiment against the government, especially as he had been tried under an *ex post facto* law; the only witness against him having been a soldier of bad repute, who had solicited initiation, for the very purpose of convicting him; and, moreover, one of the jury was said to have been intoxicated, by spirits conveyed into the jury-room, by the connivance of the sheriff. While his case was discussed by the privy council, a design was formed, by several of his friends, to enable him to escape from prison; a large sum of money was collected, for the purpose of bribing the sons of the jailer, named Hamilton; and, had they not quarrelled amongst themselves, with regard to the division of the corrupting gold, Orr, most probably would have escaped. Notwithstanding that disappointment, however, it was arranged that he could quit the prison, by the putting to death of one sentinel; but Orr was too humane, and too just, to save his own life by the assassination of an innocent person, in the legitimate discharge of his duty; and, with perfect resignation, suffered the penalty of the law.

Some time previously to the breaking out of the rebellion of '98, the town of Belfast was visited by the Earl of Carhampton, in the capacity of commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland. This is the same individual, known as Colonel Luttrell, that contested the election of the county of Middlesex, in England, against the celebrated John Horne Tooke. He was a man of infamous private character; and the manner in which he was admitted as a sitting member of the House of Commons, notwithstanding his opponent had a majority of votes, is severely commented on in the letters bearing the signature of Junius. During his stay in Belfast, he lodged at the Donegall Arms, in High Street; and, when proceeding to the Barracks, to inspect the troops, he had oc-

casion to pass the Poor House, situated on the Carrickfergus Road. The teacher employed by that institution, was a tall man, who wore a large blue cloak, which completely enveloped his person, and partly covered his face, looking like a resuscitation of the renowned Guy Fawkes; and, having read in the history of Ireland an account of the treachery perpetrated by his lordship's ancestor, by which the Irish army was defeated by King William's troops, in the year 1690, at Aughrim; and, also heard of the earl's own father having sold himself to the devil, on condition that his Satanic majesty would build for him a mill, on the river Liffey, a few miles above Dublin, he felt naturally desirous to get a peep at his notorious descendant. Taking his station, daily, at the gate, he seemed completely absorbed by the object of his curiosity, until, at length, the commander-in-chief, supposing that his ample robe concealed some deadly weapon, for the purpose of assassination, he, one day, leaped from his horse, and, with his own hands, threw open the cloak, and demanded what the astonished teacher meant, by thus staring at him, as he passed. The poor man was thunder-struck; and, in his trepidation, was able only to utter, with tremulous volubility, "Pardon me, my lord, this time, and I declare I never will look at your lordship again, as long as I live!" upon which, he was released.

A serious affray soon afterwards broke out, in that ill-fated town. Orders having been sent from Dublin, supposed at the instigation of Lord Carhampton, to pull down all the signs suspended from the public houses, exhibiting portraits of such obnoxious characters as Franklin, Dumorier, &c., the twenty-second dragoons were turned loose, for that purpose, and threatened the destruction of half the buildings in the borough, until arrested, in their career, by the drums of the volunteers beating to arms, and the mounting of guards by those patriotic corps.—One of the signs, which exhibited Franklin, being of *copper*, cost the enraged troopers many a sabre; and the next morning saw the obnoxious appendage still swinging, with the portrait of the American philosopher, but slashed, all over his body and face, with the blades of the shattered swords.

A few months after that occurrence, my father was deputed, by the manufacturers of Belfast and its vicinity, to

proceed to Dublin, in order to solicit a loan of money from the government, to lighten the pressure caused by the war with France. One day, at the Treasury Office, at the castle, my father fell into conversation with his lordship, on the prominent topics of the day. Amongst other matters, Lord Carhampton said, that when he went last to Belfast, had his advice been taken by the government, he would have carried with him a park of artillery, sufficient to level that rebellious town with the ground; that it was a nest of hornets, and that the people would neither lead, nor be driven; that, when stopping at the Donegall Arms, he could get no sleep, owing to the continued discharge of squibs and crackers, which he then supposed were fired off, in the street, in front of his lodgings, by some loyal individuals, in honour of his presence amongst them; but, to his great amazement, he was informed, that this apparent rejoicing was caused by one Cuthbert, a d——d rebellious tailor, recently enlarged from prison, who had employed a number of idle boys, in that manner to disturb his sleep.

“When, at that time, in Belfast, Mr. Grimshaw,” his lordship continued, “I carried with me a secretary of state’s warrant, to arrest you for high-treason. Recollecting, however, that, not long before, I had sailed in company with a gentleman of your name, from Holyhead to this city, I made inquiry, in Belfast, and found, that you were the same person; and, although, from the conversation which then ensued between us, I perceived that your political sentiments were a good deal more liberal than my own; yet, not considering that you were that dangerous character, which you had been represented to the government, I carried the writ back, and returned it to the proper office.”

The escape of my father from a tedious imprisonment, was owing to quite a fortuitous circumstance. The packet having reached Dublin, at an hour of the night, too late to proceed to the better part of the city, in order to obtain lodgings at one of the first-class hotels, they took up their quarters at a house frequented chiefly by masters of vessels, called the Marine Hotel, on Sir John Rogerson’s Quay; and, instead of going to bed, called for cards, and my father and Lord Carhampton played, at the same table, until morning.

Amongst the distinguished individuals, by whom my father was visited, during this eventful period, was Mr. Arthur O'Connor, of the county of Cork; shortly before, an eloquent member of the House of Commons. He had been disinherited, it was said, by his uncle, Lord Longueville, for the liberal sentiments expressed by him, not only in that body, but also in a celebrated journal, published for some time in Dublin, and afterwards discontinued, by the interference of the government, called the Press. Mr. O'Connor was a tall, well-made, and remarkably handsome man, then about five and thirty years of age; and, having taken a lease of a beautiful country-seat, in our neighbourhood, in order, it was suspected, to indulge in his revolutionary propensities, was arrested, and continued in prison, until he subsequently consented to exile himself; when he retired to Paris, and there commenced, and continued for a long series of years, a journal, in the English language, called the Argus.

Belfast, also, had its gazette, called the Northern Star, conducted by the Messrs. Simms, Dr. Drennan, Samuel Nelson, the Rev. Dr. Porter (father of the late Mr. Porter, senator in congress, from Louisiana,) and others, with equal fearlessness and talent. It shared a similar fate with the Press, but was doomed to a more violent death; the types, cases, and every article connected with it, having been thrown out of the windows, into the street, by a party of the artillery corps, employed, for that purpose, by the commander of the garrison.

Dr. Porter, who had delivered several courses of lectures, at Whitehouse, on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, was afterwards executed, near his own meeting-house, on a charge of having instructed the people in the manufacture of gun-powder; and Dr. Drennan died, a few years ago, in the city of New York.

PART V.

Battle of Antrim—Death of Lord O'Neil—The sergeant's horse—Battle of Saintfield—Of Ballinahinch—Extensive conflagration—Our property carried on board a vessel—Patrol of cavalry endeavour to board us—We slip our cable, and escape. Earl of Camden recalled—Marquis Cornwallis appointed lord-lieutenant—His humane and judicious policy—Country tranquilized—The people deliver up their arms.

THE great movement, that had been for nearly three years in preparation, at length burst forth into action. On the 7th of June, just fourteen days after the first outbreak in the neighbourhood of Dublin, the battle of Antrim occurred. Early in the morning of that day, a number of our working people took possession of the smith's shop and timber yard, and commenced the manufacturing of pikes; small parties of cavalry occasionally passing into Belfast, at a full trot, and with an expression on their faces, of no little degree of alarm, carrying despatches to the commander of the royal forces. My father's people were excused, by the leaders of the United Irishmen, from engaging in that battle, lest, in the event of their defeat, his extensive buildings and machinery, upon which many hundred families depended for subsistence, might be destroyed; for, besides the workers in the factories, and the print-works, he employed, at that period, more than a thousand hand-loom weavers, in different parts of the interior. A meeting of the magistrates of the county was to be held that day, in the town of Antrim, situated about ten miles from Whitehouse; and this was thought, by the people, a convenient opportunity for seizing hostages, and carrying them into the mountains, so as to protect themselves, in case of capture, from being shot, as rebels. But, in the exercise of this design, great inhumanity was practised. The Earl of O'Neil, of Shane's Castle, descended from an Irish chieftain, the O'Neil, who defeated the Earl of Essex,

in the reign of Elizabeth, was cruelly assassinated, by the pike-men, when on his way to attend that meeting; and, before the arrival of the royal reinforcements, a troop of the twenty-second light dragoons were nearly all killed, or wounded, together with Colonel Lumley, their commander.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity and affection of the horse, was exhibited on that occasion. The killed and wounded of the military, were conveyed up to the second story of the market-house, by means of a stone stair-case, outside of the building; and a sergeant of the dragoons, mortally wounded, having been carried thither by his comrades, his faithful steed, also mortally wounded, ascended at the same time; and, at the conclusion of the battle, was seen lying on the floor, stretched by the body of his deceased master.

The royal forces proceeded from different stations to the town of Antrim—from Carrickfergus, Lisburn, and Belfast—the last-mentioned party, consisting of the Monaghan Militia, a detachment of the twenty-second dragoons, and of the Royal Irish Artillery, commanded by General Nugent, by the way of Whitehouse, passing up the avenue close by the gate of our demesne. The report of cannon told us when the battle had begun. In the evening, the arrival of a few wounded men, who had been residing in the village, brought the intelligence, not altogether unexpected, that the people had been defeated; and, the following day, we were informed of the plunder of the town, by the militia; by which, my father, having about two hundred weavers in the place, suffered a heavy loss.

In our garden, eating strawberries at the time the troops were passing on their way to Antrim, was a young gentleman, named Elliott; proscribed on account of his political opinions, and not unlikely to have his earthly career suddenly curtailed, did he fall into the hands of the royal general. He was waiting the sailing of a vessel to the United States; and, a few days afterwards, we took him in our boat—a remarkably fast sailer—and, having reached the ship, then anchored in the channel, about three miles from the shore, we passed stealthily around her, and put himself and his trunk on board. We had not gone far, however, on our return, when we perceived a boat, despatched from a king's vessel, anchored a few hundred yards off, rowing in pursuit of us; but, notwithstanding that they plied their double pair

of oars with all their might, our boat outsailed them, and we reached the shore unmolested, except having suffered considerable alarm.

The protection of our family, at that period, was not confined to the disaffected. A few of my father's workmen, recently from England, who had not been initiated into the arcana of the revolutionary movement, sought an asylum in our house; and, for many weeks, we sat up, until the dawn of morning, receiving visits from the horse patrols, who had been invited to call, on their rounds, and partake of some refreshment; which was given to all, without stint.

The day after the battle of Antrim, there occurred, in the adjoining county of Down, a most serious conflict, between the country people and the York Fencibles; a regiment previously cantoned in the neighbouring villages, and then on its way, for greater security, to Belfast. Proceeding incautiously, without either flanking parties or an advanced guard, when ascending a hill, a short distance from Saintfield, the road being lined, on each side, by a raised ditch, surmounted by a lofty hedge, they were assailed by a most destructive fire of musketry, from persons placed in ambuscade; when the regiment, taken completely by surprise, was broken, and fled in confusion, until, having reached an eminence in the road, where two pieces of cannon, with which, in common with all other regiments in Ireland, they were happily provided, were brought to bear upon their pursuers, who suddenly dispersed; having killed so many of the unfortunate royalists, that they never afterwards paraded in the kingdom.

The destruction of the boats, on the Antrim side of the bay, indicated that the general expected another battle, in the county of Down; and, on the 11th of June, we could plainly distinguish the glittering arms of the royal forces, winding their way up the mountains, on their march from Belfast to Ballinahinch; where the rebels had collected in considerable numbers. About noon, there was distinctly heard, from our village, a severe cannonade, commenced on the side of the royal army; and the result of the contest was, for some time, doubtful, when, at length, owing to some disagreement between two of the principal commanders of the country people, the latter retreated to the woods, and, on the following morning, dispersed.

During the cannonade, our people were busily employed packing up every piece, both of finished and unfinished manufactured goods, and also our plate and some bedding; which were conveyed on board a flat-bottomed vessel, conveniently stationed to receive them, with the design of carrying them to Stranraer, on the opposite coast of Scotland, should circumstances render such a measure afterwards advisable. I was sent on board with the last load, and found, concealed in the vessel, two men, who had been proscribed for their political principles. In the course of the night, elated, it is probable, by the chance of escape, and, perhaps having indulged a little in drink, they began to make a considerable noise, which, attracting the notice of a horse-patrol, then passing along the shore, a corporal's guard was seen splashing through the flowing tide, and rapidly approaching the vessel. We prevented their visit, however, by slipping our cable; and, half an hour afterwards, we were safely anchored in the channel, far distant from the possibility of any similar intrusion. Single reports of cannon, and volleys of musketry, discharged at the battle-ground, were heard by us, throughout the night; and, in a few days afterwards, we were boarded by a boat, belonging to one of the revenue barges, bringing one of my brothers; who informed us that all danger was now passed, and that we might return with our cargo; which could not have been less in value than twenty thousand pounds.

The day after the battle of Ballinahinch, it was distressing to witness the devastation that ensued, throughout the surrounding country. As far as the eye could reach, the ridge, intervening between Saintfield and Belfast, presented an almost continuous blaze; and, throughout the kingdom, entire villages were destroyed by the military, which were never afterwards rebuilt. I well remember the prediction then made, that "a whole century would elapse, before the country could recover from the destructive effects of the rebellion;" and yet, the autumn had not far advanced, before trade had resumed more than its usual vigour; money became again abundant, and the people were fully employed at their usual vocations.

The rebellion was now over, in the North of Ireland. But, in the provinces of Munster and Leinster, it continued, with unabated fury. The cruel policy, embraced by the

Earl of Camden, then lord-lieutenant of the kingdom, instigated, it was supposed, by his secretary of state, Lord Viscount Castlereagh, instead of allaying, had the effect of aggravating the miseries of civil war; and, it was not until that nobleman was recalled, and the Marquis Cornwallis sent over in his place, that the people could be induced to abandon their arms, and return to their deserted homes. A general amnesty was now proclaimed, (excluding a few of the most active and obnoxious leaders of the rebellion) on condition, that the people would deliver up their arms, and take the oath of allegiance to the king and government; a proposal almost universally accepted; and the country was at length in peace.

In the parish of Carnmoney, in which my family resided, and where the manufacturing business is still extensively carried on by the senior members, I never knew a man, born within its precincts, who was not a United Irishman, and, moreover, of the Protestant religion, almost wholly Presbyterians; and, some idea may be formed of the universality of the spirit of opposition to the late administration, when it is known, that, in that single parish, not less than seven hundred persons, of adult age, took the oath of allegiance, before a magistrate, in the Presbyterian meeting-house.



PART VI.

Great excitement in Belfast, on account of the cannon of the Blues—Arrest of their commander—Newell the informer, takes the portraits of the United Irishmen—Is drowned at Larne—Another informer drowned in Cromach Creek, and one shot, in Belfast—Joseph Kelsey joins the Orangemen—Insults a young girl, and is killed—McKelvey assassinated, on his return from the assizes—Conviction of William Kane, and his wonderful escape from prison.

WHEN tranquillity had been for some time restored, the peace of the community was again threatened, by an unex-

pected demand, made by the royal general. The several pieces of artillery, attached to the volunteer corps, in Belfast and the neighbourhood, had all been given up to the officers of the government, or seized by their authority, except two brass six-pounders, belonging to the "Blues." A proclamation was issued, by the general, declaring, that "no peace was to be expected, in the town and its vicinity, until those cannon were delivered at the barracks. A meeting of the inhabitants was called, by influential individuals, desirous of restoring perfect harmony to the distracted community; and, when convened, an earnest request was made, that the persons who had the custody of the cannon, would comply with the requisition. Every person present declared his ignorance of the place of their concealment; and, at the same time, expressed a desire, that some measure might be adopted, to obtain them. At length, it was arranged, that my father's large English cart, drawn by a horse of unusual power, and conducted by a faithful and intelligent driver, should be stationed at the Exchange, at twelve o'clock, on the following night, and await the arrival of the person or persons who should accompany the vehicle to the place where the dreaded ordnance were concealed. A pass, signed by the general, was given to the driver, to save him from being stopped by the sentinels and patroles; and, at the appointed *rendezvous*, he accordingly waited, until the dawn of morning warned him that the voice of the inhabitants had been, thus far, raised in vain.

The excitement, caused by this disappointment, in the breasts of the military, was alarming; and it was feared that the soldiers would again be turned loose upon the people, in order to coerce the guardians of the much coveted artillery, to obey the call; when, to the satisfaction of all, notice was given to the general, that they were concealed in the cow-house of Mr. George Warnock, a brewer, who resided in North Street, directly opposite the mansion of Mr. Getty; and lo! sure enough, there, were the two pieces found!

Some time previously to this affair, the extensive warehouse of Mr. Getty, considered one of the very firmest erections in the borough, to the amazement of its owner and all who witnessed the fact, was discovered to be considerably *cracked*, in one of its end walls; and the secret now transpired, that his principal book-keeper, Mr. Nicholas Peers, a

member of the Blue Company, aided by a few trusty friends, some months before, had conveyed the artillery from the shed in the Brown Linen Hall, adjoining the back yard of the ware-house, through a gate which communicated between them; and, having dug a hole in the interior of the building, rather near the wall, and partly under the foundation, and there deposited the cannon, the solid fabric of the structure had thus been shaken and endangered.

Shortly after this incident, Mr. Getty was arrested, by General Barber, of the artillery corps, and imprisoned in the hotel of the Donegall Arms—then converted into a “provost”—in the room recently vacated by his brother-in-law, Dr. White, who was constrained to expatriate himself to the United States; but, after a confinement of only two weeks, nothing specific appearing against him, he was discharged. Mr. Getty, although well acquainted with most of the plans and movements of the United Irish Society, had never been “sworn in,” as a member; nor had my father; because they both judged, and perhaps rightly, that it was not only unnecessary, but inexpedient and dangerous, to permit the mass of the people to become acquainted with the designs and names of the several leaders, and thus subject them to be betrayed by every unprincipled fellow, who might, by bribery, be induced to swear away their lives.

Treachery, however, at that time, was not confined to the lower classes. The very first person that I recollect giving information, to the government, against individuals of that society, was named Newell; a resident of the city of Dublin, and a miniature painter, of some eminence. This man had been specially employed, by the officers of government, to insinuate himself into the society, for the express purpose of betraying them. Some time previously to the arrests which took place in Belfast, Newell came to the town, with letters of introduction from the capital, and, having been initiated into the society of United Irishmen, affected to be so highly pleased with several of its influential members, that he requested the favour of taking their likenesses; which, having been freely given, he transmitted them to his employers; and thus enabled the government not only to watch the movements of the gentlemen portrayed, but to identify them, when they desired to have them arrested; and the traitor even went so far, as to return to Belfast, in disguise,

and, with a black silk handkerchief drawn over his face, to designate his victims.

The fate of Newell was similar to that of nearly every individual who had turned traitor to the patriotic cause. After having been used, as a witness, to convict several members of the society, he endeavoured to escape to the United States, on board an American vessel, then on the point of sailing from Larne, a sea-port in the county of Antrim, opposite to the Scotch coast, about seventeen miles from Belfast; where he was way-laid, and when he had gone about half-way to the ship, was drowned in the surf, by the intentional upsetting of the boat.

Another informer, whose name I cannot now recall to my recollection, was induced, one night, to take a walk in the neighbourhood of Joy's Dam, on the outskirts of Belfast; and, when crossing a narrow wooden bridge, over Cromach Creek, was popped into the stream, so heavily laden with clock-weights, which had been slipped into his pocket, that his knowledge of the art of swimming became entirely useless. Another man, named McCan, who had worked as a mule-spinner at Whitehouse, was shot dead, in North Street, while the sun was yet above the horizon; and the perpetrators of the deed were never known to the government; and a fellow named O'Brien, after having aided in consigning to an untimely death, several of his confederates, was launched into eternity from the platform at Newgate, in the city of Dublin, two years after the termination of the rebellion, for a deliberate and cruel murder, perpetrated by him, during the previous existence of martial law.

Two cases occurred, in my own neighbourhood, about a year after the country became tranquil, which more vividly recur to my recollection. One of these recalls the name of Kelsey; the other, of McKelvey. The former was a nephew and heir of a wealthy and highly respectable farmer, named Russel; who resided about a mile from Whitehouse, at the base of the Cave Hill, on what is called the Antrim Road, at a place called Collinward. After his return from the United States, where he had sojourned for some years, and seemed to have imbibed the principles of republicanism, he became an inmate in his uncle's house, and entered with apparent, and probably sincere zeal, into the design which then so deeply engrossed the attention of his neighbours.

The rebellion, however, having proved a failure, Mr. Kelsey seems to have become alarmed, lest he might be subjected to some inconvenience, and perhaps heavy loss, in the event of his being included in the number of the proscribed; and an Orange Lodge—a *rara avis* in that Presbyterian vicinity—having been organized, by some of the least estimable of the community, the young farmer became a member, and also an officer in the society; honoured by the distinction of carrying a huge Bible in one hand, and a sword in the other. A grand meeting of the fraternity having been summoned to assemble in Belfast, the society of Carnmoney—about thirty in number—with Mr. Kelsey at their head, were observed descending the avenue which passed through my father's land, and presently approached our gate, where several of our family, including myself, were then standing. To a remark made by me, indicative of the change which had occurred in the sentiments of Kelsey, that “a *pike* would become him better than that sword and Bible,” he replied, with some asperity; and the words had scarcely been uttered, when my brother Nicholas, who, in order to enable him to protect the people of the country against the insults of the military and orangemen, had recently become a member of the Belfast Troop, was seen to mount his horse, a powerful young animal, of great spirit, which immediately, by the application of the spur, reared upon his hinder feet, using his fore paws in a most alarming manner, and actually passaging in such a way, along the line, as to strike nearly every one of the thirty renegades with his well-shod hoofs. A loud huzza burst forth from more than a hundred men, women, and children, assembled in the road, and continued, until the ringing of the bell, which summoned them to a renewal of their labours; and, order having, at length, been restored in the scattered ranks, the corps proceeded on their destined way. On their return, they were assailed with stones, thrown from the back of a high hedge, by some mischievous lads, myself amongst the number, were again completely scattered, and, turning suddenly round, pursued us to the adjacent stables, the doors of which we instantly secured; exhibiting, at the same time, several pitchforks at the windows. Soon, the men came running from the different places of employment; and it required the utmost influence

of my elder brothers, to prevent them from seizing upon our arms, and pursuing the miscreants in their retreat.

My brother did not escape with entire impunity, for this apparently accidental, but really premeditated assault upon the orange party. On his arrival in Belfast, he was arrested, a court of inquiry was convened at the barracks, for the purpose of investigating this singular "outrage;" and, only that one of the stable-boys testified, (and that truly too,) that my brother's horse was, at times, extremely restive and unmanageable, the young dragoon would not have escaped being brought before a court-martial, and perhaps dismissed his corps.

That was not the last act in the drama of Joe Kelsey's public life. One evening, when attending a meeting of his "lodge," in a public house adjacent to the Presbyterian meeting-house, he had occasion to open the door of the room in which they were assembled; and, finding a young woman, apparently in the act of listening at the door, in the most cruel and dastardly manner, he struck her with the butt of his pistol, and knocked out several of her teeth. This outrage seemed, at the time, to have passed unresented; but it was not unnoticed, or unrevenged. Ere the night had told the hour of twelve, the unmanly traitor was put out of the way of any longer insulting his fellow-citizens, of either sex. On his returning home, having reached the avenue which led to his uncle's house, he was assailed—it was supposed—by a lover of the girl he had so brutally assaulted; and, in the morning, his body was found stretched in the road, with a stone, sufficiently large to have caused the fracture in his skull, lying, with its blood-stained marks, significantly by his side.

Shortly afterwards, the assassination of McKelvey occurred. Returning from Carrickfergus, the county town, where the assizes were then sitting, after giving evidence against a person charged with some political offence, he had stopped at a public house, on the shore road; and, when nearly dark, as he was proceeding on his way home, by the same road on which Kelsey had met his fate, and not half a mile distant from the spot, an unknown person joined him, and continued to walk by his side, along my father's plantation, between him and the hedge; when another person jumped over the fence, and, after keeping them company, for a short

time, reached across his former companion, and, with his left hand, cut him across the stomach, and inflicted a mortal wound, four inches and a half in length, and about an inch in depth. The breath issued from the wound, and the unfortunate man could swallow neither meat nor drink. My father (who was not then a justice of the peace,) sent me into Belfast, for a magistrate, in order to take McKelvey's deposition, and I returned in company with Mr. Andrews; who, in presence of my father and myself, and a few others, recorded the man's dying words; by which, he charged a person named McIlnea, a blacksmith, who resided a short distance from the tragical occurrence, with being the perpetrator of the murder, by means of a "buttreddge." McIlnea absconded, a reward was offered for his apprehension, but, returning incautiously, one night, on a visit to his family, his house was surrounded by a party of military, and, as he was endeavouring to escape from a back window, the sergeant of the party placed his halberd across the aperture, and McIlnea being captured, was tried at the next assizes, for the alleged murder, found guilty and executed; having asserted his innocence to my father, in the jail.

One of the prisoners, confined by the general, for his participation in the movements of the United Irish Society, and particularly his having been amongst the rebels in the battle of Antrim, was named William Kane. I had seen him, the evening before that affair, in the neighbourhood of our residence, in company with Henry McCracken, and several others. They spent the night in Captain Campbell's barn, and, early in the morning, proceeded to the scene of action. Kane had been tried, by court-martial, at the Exchange, in Belfast, and having been condemned to death, was remanded to the provost, in order to be taken to execution, the following day. The prisoner, however, by an adroit contrivance, effected his escape. Pretending to be a Roman Catholic, he was allowed the attendance of a priest; and, requesting to be left alone, with a friend, who assumed that character, he prevailed upon the sentinel, who was really of the Catholic religion, to withdraw from the interior of the chamber in which he was confined, and take his station outside of the door. Meanwhile, Mr. Kane's sister—then, a girl of only about sixteen—known afterwards in Philadelphia, as the highly respected lady, (Mrs. Bradshaw,) who, for many

years, kept the hotel opposite the State-house, called the Democratic Head Quarters, supplied the guards, and even the sentinel himself, with a liberal potation; the pretended clergyman issued quickly from the room, and Kane, with still greater agility, leaped from the window, down upon a shed, in the yard of the hotel. Proceeding along the roof, his faithful sister appeared near the extremity of the yard, with a ladder; and, retreating a short distance from the wall, by means of signals made with her hands, succeeded in directing her brother to the top of the ladder; down which, he safely descended into the yard. But the danger of recapture soon became imminent. On re-entering the chamber, and, discovering the escape of his prisoner, the sentinel also leaped out of the same window, down upon the roof of the shed, and, in the darkness of the night, pursued the fugitive, but with much less speed; for, being unacquainted with the situation of the sky-lights, his feet, and the greater part of his body, frequently found their way through the glass, at the no little peril of his neck; moreover, having to pass through the entry of a house, which intervened between the yard and the street, Kane, to his utter astonishment, beheld a servant, in the act of cleaning an officer's regimental coat; his master, at that instant, being in an adjoining room. Pushing on, however, he cleared the hall, without detention, and succeeded in reaching a stable, in an adjacent street; and, ascending to the loft, crept into a heap of hay. During his concealment, he heard the galloping of dragoons, in pursuit of him, and the marshal offering a large reward for his apprehension; and, at length, a number of soldiers found their way into the loft, and the sergeant of the party, in probing for the fugitive, passed his sabre within half an inch of his leg. Nearly suffocated for want of air, when all appeared quiet, and the search, for a time, abandoned, Kane crept from his place of confinement, and, with a dread of recapture, not easily described, made his way to his mother's house. He was speedily dressed in a woman's cap and night-gown, and put to bed, personating a matron, a few days "confined;" while his sister, hearing a knock at the outer door, followed by rapid tramping on the stair-case, with admirable presence of mind, enveloped herself in the habiliments of a nurse, sat down by the fire, and, bending low, at the same time rocking herself backwards and forwards with a "hush-a-by,"

caused the sergeant to suppose that she was nursing a newly-born baby; and, with that delicacy and tenderness, characteristic of the gallant soldier, he shortly withdrew from the room.

Not considering himself secure in his mother's house, on the following night, arrangements having been previously made with the master of an American vessel, about to sail for Philadelphia, Kane made his way into the sewer, which runs under nearly the entire length of High Street, to the Quay, and thence to a boat, which waited for him at the place of its confluence with the river; was carried on board the ship, and, after a series of hair-breadth escapes, equalling almost any thing in romance, was landed safely at her destined port.



PART VII.

White Linen Hall, in Belfast, set on fire by the Lancashire Dragoons—Fire engine from Whitehouse arrests the flames—Coup de grace given, by the author, to the Belfast engine—Heads on pikes—Henry McCracken—His execution—His sister's endeavour to restore him to life—Their museum of the martyrs' clothes.

SHORTLY after the commencement of the rebellion, a vast number of additional regiments were sent over into Ireland, by the British Government, principally a species of troops, both cavalry and infantry, called Fencibles, whose services were limited to the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the principality of Wales. With few exceptions, their conduct won for them the esteem and gratitude of nearly all with whom they were associated; being frequently billeted upon the inhabitants, especially upon those suspected to be disaffected to the government; by whom, they were considered as a protection, rather than as an incumbrance.

The men, with their families, of one of these regiments,

called the Lancashire Dragoons, were quartered in the White Linen Hall, in Belfast; a spacious building, forming a regular two-story quadrangle, situated near the termination of the street, then called Linen Hall Street, but subsequently Donegall Place. The rooms being without chimneys, and the winter rather severe, the men became greatly dissatisfied, and a fire having broken out in this temporary barrack, it was attributed to the incendiary act of the inmates. Whitehouse being about four miles from the town, we distinctly saw the commencement of the fire, about eleven o'clock one night, just as we were on the eve of retiring to bed. The large fire-engine belonging to our factories, was immediately drawn out, and a couple of active horses having been attached, one of my brothers and myself accompanied it to the place of the conflagration; knowing that the extensive and wealthy town of Belfast (unusually remiss, in this particular,) did not boast of an engine that was of the smallest use. On our way, we were several times brought to a halt by military patrols, and ran considerable risk; being abruptly stopped by the soldiers, supposing that we were dragging in a piece of ordnance, with the intention, perhaps, of aiding in an attack upon the garrison. We, at length, however, reached the building; and, surely, a greater scene of confusion seldom was presented. Not a single inhabitant of the town, except the Sovereign, was present; but the yard was crowded with bedding, and various other articles of furniture; on which, reclined the wives and children of the dragoons, and also the dragoons themselves, seeming perfectly indifferent to the progress of the fire. Two pieces of cannon were planted opposite the northern front, with the design of severing it, by breaches, in the event of the fire extending so far; that portion of the building then containing a large quantity of linen cloth, deposited there, for sale, by the factors. When we reached the front gate, so terrific was the blaze, our leading horse fell prostrate in the passage, and could not be induced to proceed an inch; which constrained us to unharness them both, and back the engine into the street. But, to have entered the area of the square, would have been useless. There was no water to be had, except from a single pump, at the exterior of the western side; and thither, with the aid of about a dozen of the Monaghan Militia, we dragged the engine, and, having filled it, dragged it again to the fire; and, having emp-

tied it, hauled it back to the pump; and this was the operation, during seven hours, occupied in its extinguishment. The entire range in which the fire originated, was consumed, and about a fourth of the western side; and, doubtless, the whole would have been destroyed, had it not been for our assistance. Some danger attended the approach to the burning chambers; in which, were suspended, not only sabres, but pistols and carbines; which, having become red-hot, from the surrounding blaze, at intervals discharged their contents, down through the floors, right over our heads.

The fire having, at length, been overcome, we prepared to depart; but, ere we returned, I thought we would place the borough of Belfast under an additional obligation. Seeing their antiquated and inefficient engine standing near one of the walls, I prevailed upon the soldiers to drag it close under the eve-course, and then directed one of their number to ascend to the top, and throw down upon it one of the massive cope-stones, that crowned the parapet; which he performed so effectually—the stone passing right through the old wooden condenser, in the centre—that it never again made its appearance at a fire, to disappoint the inhabitants; the corporation, soon afterwards, followed my father's example, and brought, from London, a pair of engines that would, to a certainty, perform their duty.

I recollect seeing, attached to the points of pikes, and placed at the summit of the old market-house in Belfast, the heads of three persons, who had been executed for the part taken by them in the rebellion; also, in Lisburn, the head of Henry Munro, one of the commanders in the battle of Balinahinch, and of some others; and also several more heads, in the town of Carlin, many years afterwards; a most distressing spectacle.

Henry McCracken, a person connected with several respectable families in Belfast, having been convicted of being a leader in the battle of Antrim, suffered the penalty of the law, or rather only a part of the penalty; his sisters, favoured by the Judge Advocate of the court-martial, having prevailed upon the authorities to obtain his body, without decapitation. Immediately after it was cut down, it was conveyed to their house, not far distant, where means were used to resuscitate it; but without effect. Those ladies indulged in rather a singular *penchant*, in the way of patriotic relics; having laid by, in a

closet appurtenant to their bed-chamber, not only the habiliments in which their brother had perished on the scaffold; but those also of many others, who had shared a similar fate.

Soon after the pacification of the country, by the judicious and humane measures of the Marquis Cornwallis, that nobleman honoured the town of Belfast with a visit. A dinner having been given, on his account, at the Exchange, he expressed himself so much pleased with the gentlemen, that he became desirous also of meeting the ladies; and a ball was, in consequence, arranged; to which, the marquis was specially invited. I remember accompanying some of our family to this splendid fete; and, had an opportunity of indulging my curiosity, by a near view of that celebrated nobleman, during the greater part of the night. He stood, during a considerable time, on one of the large hearths in the ball-room, it being in the winter season, and I placed myself very near him, and was gratified by a long-continued and critical view of his venerable and majestic person. In stature, he appeared above six feet, and proportionably large, greatly resembling, in dignity and size, the full-length portrait of General Washington; whom he had severe cause to recollect. I am now impressed with the idea, however, that he had lost his left eye. He wore a star upon his left breast, and a garter, upon his left leg; being a knight of the ancient order of that name. There stood near him, one of his aids-de-camp, Colonel Gardner; of whom, I heard, about that time, a very whimsical anecdote. Attached to the army of the Duke of York, when his royal highness commanded the British forces in the Netherlands, the troops having reached the ships, after an unsuccessful attempt upon Dunkirk, the colonel was missing; and a party of horse having been sent back, to search for him, to their amazement, they discovered him tranquilly seated under a spreading tree, while his valet de chambre was putting his hair in order, with pomatum and powder, to enable him to meet his comrades, after the rapid retreat, in what he deemed a becoming dress.

PART VIII.

The author is sent to Dublin—Danger of travelling in the mail-coach—Is escorted by Enniskillen Dragoons—Legislative union with Great Britain—His father is summoned to the house of commons—The author enters the body of the house, through mistake—Description of members—The speaker—Lord Castlereagh—Mr. Isaac Corry—Henry Grattan—His duel with Mr. Corry—Sir Neil O'Donnell—Description of the house, and of the house of lords—Union Bill passed—Protecting duties retained until 1824—Impolicy of protection—The lord-lieutenant going to parliament, in state—Battle-axe guards, or beef-eaters—The lord-chancellor and lord-mayor—Failure of the crops—Liberality of Lord Cornwallis.

HAVING entered upon my eighteenth year, a new era opened in my career of life. It was determined that I should proceed to Dublin, where my family had recently opened a house, for the sale of their manufactured goods, to assist in making sales, and also to conduct the correspondence with my brother. I set out from Belfast on the morning of the second of April, 1800, in the royal mail-coach; and, having proceeded as far as Newry, we there stopped for the night; it being highly dangerous, at that period, when the country was infested with marauding parties, the *debris* of the late rebellion, to travel south of that town, in the night. The next morning, in addition to the ordinary guard of two resolute men, armed each with a blunderbuss and case of pistols, and dressed in the royal uniform of scarlet and blue, we found ourselves escorted by two of the Enniskillen Dragoon Guards, in scarlet and buff; and, without any molestation from highwaymen, reached the capital, distant eighty Irish, or about one hundred English miles from Belfast, before dark; and I proceeded to our house, situated on Lower Ormond Quay.

Shortly afterwards, my father arrived in the city; having been summoned, together with a few others of the principal manufacturers, to give his opinion, at the bar of the House

of Commons, as to the effect of the contemplated union with Great Britain, upon their business, by the legislative consolidation of the three kingdoms, and the removal of the protecting duties. I was thus afforded a most convenient opportunity of procuring admission into the gallery of the House, and hearing the debates. The first visit made by me to the parliament-house, was attended by a little mistake, on my part, in finding my way to the gallery. Having left my father, in conversation with some of the members, in a committee-room, directly opposite the door of the House, I proceeded, with the natural curiosity of youth, to reach the gallery; but, instead of turning to the right, and ascending a stair-case, leading to that part of the house, which was concealed by a painted door, I pushed open a large door, covered with green cloth, and, in an instant, reached the mace, which rested on brackets, on a table, in front of the speaker's chair; the door, in the mean time, having closed, by the action of a spring. Fortunately for me, the house was not yet in session; for, I had not time to turn round, in order to make a hasty retreat, when one of the officers tapped me on the shoulder, and asked was I a member! I, of course, replied, that I wished to reach the gallery, and he very politely escorted me to the door, when I made my escape; my father, and the gentlemen sitting with him, at the same time laughing heartily, as I emerged, evincing some small degree of alarm.

Having, with great difficulty, procured a seat in the gallery, I chanced to be placed very near the wife of the Bishop of Down and Connor, Mrs. Dickson, and her beautiful daughter; the elder lady succeeding better than myself, or any other person in our neighbourhood, in averting the inconvenient pressure of the crowd. I was not long in the gallery, before I was squeezed completely off my seat, and deposited upon the surbase of the apartment, leaning with my breast, upon the powdered heads of the gentlemen in front.

The speaker, the Right Honourable John Foster, arrayed in his robes and wig, about five o'clock in the afternoon, took his seat; and the debate began. I well remember the tall and graceful figure of Lord Viscount Castlereagh (eldest son of the Earl, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry,) who spoke from the end of the Treasury Bench, at the right hand of the speaker's chair. In voice and manner, Mr. Clay, when I heard him, many years ago, in a convention, of which I was

a member, at Washington, reminded me of that celebrated nobleman; his hands clasped in front of his breast, and his voice deep, full, and sonorous. I must, here, however, remark, that I have never heard either of these orators, when under any excitement. I also heard Mr. Isaac Corry, chancellor of the exchequer; a handsome, well-made man, of middle size; more celebrated for the duel he fought with Henry Grattan, than for any extraordinary talent. I had the good fortune to hear, also, Mr. Grattan himself; whose manner was, in the highest degree, animated. He spoke with a cane in his right hand; wheeling partly round, at regular intervals, on his heel. Mr. Grattan had a full-toned, manly voice, was of middle size, and well-built, of a fair, or rather florid complexion, with a prominent aquiline nose, and blue eyes. He wore his hair powdered, was always dressed with great neatness, in a blue coat, and yellow buttons; and, when they were fashionable, leather small-clothes, and top-boots. The speaker, also, addressed the House, when in committee; also, Sir Neil O'Donnell, Mr. Dobbs, of Carrickfergus, and many others, whose names, I do not remember.

The Chamber of the Irish House of Commons, was circular, furnished with plain benches, without backs, rising gradually from the speaker's chair; and neither desk, nor pen, nor arm-chair, was to be seen, for the accommodation of any member. The speaker's chair was opposite the gallery, and advanced a few feet from the periphery. I have never been in the House of Lords; but I know it was a handsome, oblong chamber, hung with Gobelin Tapestry, representing the Battle of the Boyne, and other historical subjects. The Parliament House, a splendid building, of Portland stone, of the Corinthian order, situated in College Green, shortly after the Union, which took effect on the first day of January, 1801, was purchased by the Bank of Ireland, for twenty thousand pounds; and, with suitable alterations, now presents one of the most splendid money establishments in the world.

I have already spoken of the "protecting duties," imposed on the importation of cotton fabrics, imported into Ireland. By the Articles of Union, as originally proposed in the Irish Parliament, these duties would have been entirely stricken off, on the first day of January next ensuing; a measure, which, after the long indulgence enjoyed by the Irish manu-

facturers, would have ruined them all, at a single blow. To prevent this calamity, petitions were presented to the House of Commons; and my father, and a few others, as I have already stated, were summoned to the bar of the house, to give evidence, as to the effect of their cessation. My father had frequent interviews with the Marquis Cornwallis, and others high in the administration, on this important subject, his recommendation—though of an interested character, it must be confessed—was adopted, and the result was, the arranging of a scale of duties, continued for eight years, as before the Union, and, at the end of that period, a gradual diminution, until 1824; when the duties were entirely removed. Then, it was, that the Irish manufacturers, before pampered and spoiled by over-indulgence, were forced to exert themselves; and, Ireland, which, previously, had never been able to export a single yard of either calico or muslin, or a single pound of cotton yarn, actually turned the tables against their former competitors, by increasing her business more than five-fold, and exported largely to the English market. Scotland, equally poor as Ireland, being under the same legislature as England, never had enjoyed any protection; and, it was happy for her that she had not; as, from the very first dawning of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain, she not only went on *pari passu*—step by step—with her more powerful sister, but very soon appropriated to herself an entire branch of the cotton manufacture—the fine cambric and fancy muslin fabrics—in which, England never was able to compete with her.

It was a splendid spectacle, to see the lord-lieutenant proceeding, in state, to open the Irish Parliament; the same arrangements being observed, as when the king opened the parliament in England. Seated in the state-coach, a gilded and elaborately carved vehicle, with glass pannels and lofty columns to support the roof, drawn by eight horses, gorgeously caparisoned, and decked with the royal parti-colours, orange, purple, and blue, the cumbrous carriage moved solemnly along, from the castle to the parliament-house, between two rows of infantry, stationed, one at each side of the street, upon the curb-stone, with presented arms; the band imparting some animation to the scene, by occasional airs, of national or loyal import. But, not the least interesting or curious part of the procession, was, the corps of bat-

the battle-axe guards, known, in common parlance, as the *beef-eaters*, from the supposed idle life spent by them, during the long intervals between these ancient pageantries. Dressed with velvet caps, with capacious brims, tunics descending to the knee, scarlet hose, and shoes with massive buckles, carrying each a battle-axe, extended in his right hand, they reminded the spectators of the picturesque dramas of Richard, and other historical representations of Shakspeare, on the British stage. It would be unfair, however, to impress the reader with an idea, that *all* the members of the battle-axe guards, passed the chief part of their time in dreamy idleness; the majority of those who appeared in such processions, being evidently soldiers, specially employed for the occasion.

The lord-chancellor, also, and the lord-mayor of Dublin, have their state-coaches, used at certain times; such as the installation of the viceroy, or lord-lieutenant, the opening of the Four Courts, by the former, accompanied by all the judges, and the opening of the Oyer and Terminer and Quarter Sessions by the latter, accompanied by the recorder and the sheriffs.

Though the viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, in all matters of public ceremony, conformed to the usual pageantry of established monarchies, yet, in his domestic relations, no man lived in a more simple and frugal manner; often, sitting down, even by himself, to make a brief repast off a cold joint and salad, and then hastening to the despatch of business, with persons waiting in the ante-chamber.

During two years of the residence of Lord Cornwallis, in the city of Dublin, in 1799 and 1800, there occurred throughout the kingdom, a scarcity of provisions, which pressed severely upon a portion of the poor; though business, of every kind, being then prosperous, and employment abundant, the pressure fell chiefly upon those, who were either unable to work, or, by a long course of vagrancy and idleness, had become unfitted to earn their bread. In these seasons of distress, no individual was more liberal, in the distribution of his charities, than the marquis; having, during a whole year, placed, in the hands of a respectable citizen, out of his own purse, the sum of fifty pounds per week, for distribution amongst the destitute, besides planting not less

than twenty acres of potatoes, for their support, at his own expense, in the Phœnix Park.

PART IX.

The lord-mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and common council of the city of Dublin—Manner of their election—Freemen of the several Guilds—Government of the city principally in the hands of the mechanics—Sir William Worthington—His marriage with the two widows—Dublin society—Botanic garden—General Vallancy—Theatres of Dublin—Eminent performers—Frederick Jones and the Dog of Montargis—Riot at the Crow Street Theatre, and entire destruction of the interior—Dibden and Belzoni—Eminent lawyers—Curran—McNally, O'Connell, Bushe, Barrington, Saurin, Ponsonby, Plunket, Ball, and Joy—Lords Clare, Redesdale, and Manners—Description of their persons.

HAVING spoken of the lord-mayor and sheriffs of the city of Dublin, it may be well, in this place, to say something of the manner of their election, and the class of citizens from whom they are usually chosen; as an impression prevails, in the United States, that those officers must necessarily be of aristocratic rank; whereas, the very contrary is the fact, in the Irish, as well as the English capital.

In the first place, I shall endeavour to define, what is meant by a *freeman*, in those ancient cities; as, upon this peculiar kind of citizens, is based the entire fabric of the municipal government. A freeman, then, is a person of twenty-one years of age, (at that period, a *Protestant*,) who may enjoy the civic privileges in five different modes—by birth, servitude, marriage, grace-especial, or purchase. The son of a freeman is free; or one who has married the daughter of a freeman; or has served a certain apprenticeship to him; also, a person, generally a distinguished stranger, to whom his freedom has been presented; or one, a resident of good moral character, who is permitted to enjoy it, for a certain price.

When, or in what manner, the *first* freemen became entitled to the privilege, I know not; that fact being lost in the obscurity of time; and we must, therefore, rest satisfied with knowing, *how* a person may *now* be denominated *free*. In the election of members of parliament, a freeman enjoys the same privilege as a freeholder.

At the period to which I have referred, the freemen of the city were embraced within twenty-five *guilds*, or trades, represented, in the common-council, chosen for three years, by ninety-six freemen. The guild of merchants was represented by thirty-one members; the tailors and smiths, three; bakers, shoemakers, goldsmiths, and brewers, by each four; the butchers, carpenters, saddlers, weavers, each three; the cutlers, painters, stainers, and stationers, combined, three; the barbers, cooks, tanners, tallow-chandlers, gluers and skinners, united, shearmen and dyers, united, coopers, felt-makers, bricklayers, hosiers, curriers, joiners, and apothecaries, each two. Each of these guilds had a little parliament-house, in which, like the fire companies of Philadelphia, they assembled, for the transaction of their civic duties. The common council annually elected the sheriffs—two in number—either out of their own body, or the body of freemen: the board of aldermen, twenty-four in number, elected for life, corresponding, in dignity, with the select council of Philadelphia, were chosen, whether by seniority or election, I do not now remember, from the “sheriffs’ peers,” or persons who had either served in the office of sheriff, or paid a fine of five hundred pounds, for refusing; and the lord-mayor was taken, annually, by seniority, from the aldermen. He was himself (as well as the lord-mayors of London and York,) addressed, during his continuance in office, as “my lord,” and his wife, as “my lady,” and resided in a handsome building, called the Mansion House.

Gentlemen of fortune, unconnected with trade, shipping or extensive commission-merchants, rarely, if ever, associate themselves with city affairs; the civic dignitaries being taken, almost exclusively, from the mechanical classes, composing the respective guilds. When I first went to Dublin, in the spring of 1800, the lord-mayor was a plasterer, one of the sheriffs a carpenter, and the other a tobacconist; and right well, they looked, either when rolling in their splendid carriages, or on foot, arrayed in complete court-dress, with bag-wig and

sword. At the same time, the lord-mayor of London, Alderman Birch, was a confectioner, or pastry-cook; and in the following year, the office was filled by Alderman Waithman, a shop-keeper of Cheapside, who, soon afterwards, had a seat in the house of commons.

Having said something about the aldermen of Dublin, I cannot pass over the eccentric Sir William Worthington, one of that ancient and honourable body. Sir William had been a blacksmith, in his younger days; in which calling, he had amassed a comfortable independence. He cannot, of course, be supposed to have been a person of much education, or refinement; but, what he was deficient in those qualities, he compensated by a plentiful stock of assurance. He was married several times; and indeed, it appears, that it was almost impossible for any lady upon whom he fixed his eyes to get quit of him, so great was his perseverance, and so ingenious his devices. Having, by the death of his first wife, become a candidate for a renewal of the matrimonial state, after he had passed the meridian of life, he courted, and, for some time, unsuccessfully, a widow, possessed of some property, who resided next door to him, in Thomas Street. He was determined, however, not to "give up the ship." Accordingly, one Sunday morning, Sir William, having attired himself in his morning gown, and put his night-cap into his pocket, threw open one of the front windows of the second story, and was observed leaning out, his night-cap on his head, nodding familiarly and gaily to his acquaintances, on their way to church; by whom, he was considered as the lady's husband, and congratulated, as they passed along, with, "Ah! Sir William, you have got her at last; I wish you joy, &c." The poor woman being informed of this masterly manœuvre, to save her character, was constrained to yield compliance, and, without further delay, became the spouse of the gallant knight.

Women do not live forever, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary; and Sir William, when verging on four-score, became a candidate, a third time, for the silken bands. The lady on whom he now fixed his eye, was not only less than half his own age, but was possessed of a very handsome person, and, besides two pretty grown-up daughters, a sufficient amount of bank stock, to render her independent. She refused him often, and even with disdain, but

the alderman again nailed his flag to the mast head, and was determined to be victorious. As a last resource, he engaged the services of a clergyman, obtained a license, ordered provision for a handsome supper, which he packed in a basket, with some bottles of choice wine, proceeded, in a carriage, to the residence of his ladye-love, on the North Strand; and, though again repeatedly rejected, with expressions of astonishment at his persevering impudence, ere the clock struck twelve, the widow became Lady Worthington the Third!

During my father's attendance on the house of commons, he was elected a member of the Dublin Society, and, by that honourable body, appointed to make a geological survey of the County of Antrim. This institution was incorporated, by charter, in the year 1749, for the purpose of Improving Husbandry and the Useful Arts. Enjoying an annual appropriation, from parliament, of ten thousand pounds, this society embraced many of the patriotic nobility and educated gentlemen of the kingdom; the lord-lieutenant being, *virtute officii*, president, and Thomas Burgh, Esq., Morgan Crofton, Esq., Right Honourable John Foster, John Leigh, Esq., the Duke of Leinster, and General Vallancy, then vice-presidents. The society, at that time, occupied a spacious building in Hawkins' Street, now, I believe, since their removal to the splendid and extensive mansion of the Duke of Leinster, in Merion Square, the site of the Theatre Royal, removed from Crow Street. Their gallery and antique casts, cabinet of minerals, philosophical apparatus, and botanic garden, the last mentioned occupying at least thirty acres, at Glasnevin, near the city, were not, at that period, perhaps surpassed, by any thing, similar in Europe; and the lectures were delivered gratuitously, to all persons engaged in the arts, and also to their children.

Though a native of England, General Vallancy, having occasion to visit Ireland professionally, was so struck, when landing in the city of Cork, by a supposed similarity between the Gælic, spoken by the southern Irish, and the Hebrew language, that he conceived a notion that the two languages were congenial. Acting under this impression, he published a book, entitled *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*, partly with a design of proving that assertion; and even went so far, as to extract a passage from one of the comedies of Plautus, in which is introduced a Carthaginian, speaking the Punic

tongue, (a dialect of the Hebrew,) which, by an ingenious process of separation, and re-arrangement of letters and syllables, the general has transmuted into right good Milesian Irish; and, so enthusiastic did this amiable man become, in relation to Hibernian matters, that he took up his quarters daily, in the Library of the institution, and continued his attendance to the latest period of his existence.

It is not considered a sin, in Europe, for a communicant of the Established Church to visit a theatre, or even to dance and play cards: my father, therefore, occasionally indulged me in taking me with him to the Theatre Royal. The leading attractions, at that time, in the way of "spectacle," were the new dramas of Blue Beard and Pizarro; and a truly talented and popular stock-company then performed on the Crow Street boards. In the former piece, the chief characters were sustained by Mr. Richard Jones, Mr. Williams, Mr. Fullam, Mrs. Addison, (afterwards, Mrs. Nun,) and Mrs. Creswell; and in the latter, by Mr. Huddard, and George Frederick Cooke, who, at this period, had acquired only a small share of that celebrity, subsequently attained by him, in London.

The lessee of the theatre was Mr. Frederick Jones, a very aristocratic and unpopular manager. Ten years later than this period, a new piece, entitled the "Dog of Montargis," was brought forward; and the *dog* being the principal character, some time elapsed, ere Mr. Jones succeeded in finding one, in whose just conception of the part, and faithful performance, full reliance might be placed. At length, a canine histrionic was selected, the property of a trader in Thomas Street; who, after the usual quantum of rehearsals, was announced to appear in that important part, and, for several nights, filled the benches, from the pit to the upper-gallery inclusive. Fifty pounds a night, however, was considered, by Mr. Jones, as too large a share of the profits, (though the house would hold five hundred,) and he demanded a reduction. But his master made a firm stand against this breach of a solemn contract, and refused to permit the star any longer to illuminate the Crow Street boards: the consequence was, the total destruction of the interior decorations of the theatre, to the damage of the property, of several thousand pounds: the gorgeous pannels of four tiers of boxes, the benches, chandeliers, and every thing frangible, were hurled

upon the stage ; darkness reigned throughout the once-splendid area, and the theatre was forever closed !

During my residence in the city of Dublin, I had an opportunity of seeing nearly all the distinguished theatrical performers of that period. The principal of these were, in tragedy, Messrs. John Kemble, Young, Holman, and Henry Johnson ; Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Powell, Miss Smith (afterwards, Mrs. Bartley) and Miss O'Neil ; in comedy, Messrs. Munden, Bannister, Charles Lee Lewis, Lewis of the Goldfinch character, Dowton, Mathews, Jack Johnston, Farren, Stewart, Emery, Edwin, the elder Dibdin (singly, at a species of *sans souci*) and the elder Sloman ; Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Hitchcock, and Mrs. H. Johnson : in opera, Messrs. Incledon, Braham, Kelly, Bellamy, Phillips, T. Cooke, and Morelli ; Madame Catalani, Madame Dussek, Mrs. Mountain, Miss Tyrer, and Miss Howell, afterwards Mrs. T. Cooke : in pantomime, Messrs. Bradbury, Eller, and Grimaldi ; and, at the Little Theatre, in Capel Street, giving an entertainment in hydraulics, on the musical glasses, and exhibitions of herculean strength, Belzoni, the famous traveller in Egypt. Belzoni was then in his twenty-fifth year, a well-proportioned, handsome man, in height, about six feet three inches, a native of Rome ; who carried, with apparent ease, not less than eight men, whose aggregate weight was fully twelve hundred pounds.

Grimaldi was not successful on the Dublin boards. The story, related by Dickens, in his biography of that celebrated comic singer and clown, of his having been driven from the Peter Street Amphitheatre by a torrent of rain, which passed through the roofs, and deluged the people in the boxes, to such a degree that they were compelled to resort to the shelter of umbrellas, is a sheer fabrication ; the truth being, that a Dublin audience did not relish his peculiar manner, which had so delighted the people of Great Britain.

Of eminent persons, connected with the profession of the law, I have seen and heard speak, Messrs. Curran, McNally, O'Connell, Bushe, Barrington, Saurin, Ponsonby, Plunket, Ball, and Joy ; and lord-chancellors Clare, Redesdale, and Mannors. Mr. Curran has been faithfully described, in his biography, by his son. In appearance, in every respect, he differed from his great cotemporary, Henry Grattan. Mr. Curran was of a dingy, brown complexion, with black hair,

and eyes dark and sparkling; of slender make, rather above the middle size, arrayed in a suit of faded black, which seemed to fit his spare conformation at no one single point; and he generally rode a small horse, of a rusty black, to match his coat, looking up to the sky, and his right hand keeping time to the regularity of the jog-trot. Sometimes, I have seen him going to the Four Courts in an old-fashioned chariot, with green pannels; the horses and driver, and every other appurtenance, in perfect keeping with the habiliments of their distinguished owner. Leonard McNally is well known, by the bar of the United States, for his treatise upon the Evidence of Criminal Law; and, at the theatres, for his admirable little comedy, "The Poor Soldier;" and, as an advocate, in the criminal department of the profession, he had no superior in point of knowledge, at the Irish, or any other bar. Nature had not been propitious to McNally, as regarded his general appearance. He was very clumsily made, had a very large head, and sallow, cadaverous complexion; and, moreover, the effect, perhaps, of his duel with Sir Jonah Barrington, was lame in his right foot; yet he possessed a most lustrous eye, of the deepest black, a countenance which bespoke the benevolence of his heart, and a voice, which, although a high-toned *soprano*, resembling Curran's, was yet clear as a silver bell. He had a son, of the same Christian name, an attorney, not in the highest practice, but who went regularly on the Home Circuit, in order to pick up a little business in the criminal line, at the assizes; and once, when returning to the city, with the spoils of his professional tour, he was stopped, on the highway, and eased of the contents of his purse. This little misfortune afforded Curran an opportunity of indulging in a *bon mot*. When, after the termination of the Circuits, the lawyers had assembled in the great hall of the Four Courts, chatting familiarly, and in their usual good humour, McNally turns round to Curran, and says, "Did you hear, Mr. Curran, of my Lenny's robbery?"—"No," replied the witty barrister, with well feigned astonishment, "My dear fellow, *whom* did he rob?"—McNally himself, also, was not deficient in readiness of wit. A certain neighbour of his, in Harcourt Street, had been greatly annoyed by some young scamps, ringing his hall-door bell, after dark, and then running away. As a punishment, he directed his servant to

keep watch at an upper window; and, as chance would have it, some particular friend of the beleagured gentleman, rang at the bell, one evening, being on a passing visit to the young ladies of the family; when, down comes a plentiful stream of saline fluid, upon his luckless head! Relating this occurrence to McNally, the counsellor observed, that "He ought not to complain of the reception; for, as he had come *uninvited*, he should be contented to put up with *pot-luck*."

Bushe, subsequently one of the chief justices, was a handsome, jolly-looking fellow, with an expression indicative of his constitutional good humour and talent. O'Connell was a tall man, a little above six feet, of a fair, or rather florid complexion, light blue eyes, and brown hair, a pleasant Hibernian expression, combining the qualities of archness and good humour, and denoting any thing but the character of a demagogue, which he established in a higher degree, than any other person, it is probable, at any period of the world. He was not remarkable for the graceful contour of his lower limbs, nor was he in the least inclined to obesity, in middle life. Of his public career, I shall say nothing, in this place. Not knowing any thing to the contrary, we must give him credit for sincerity of purpose; and, in the present instance, be mindful of the maxim, which, however, contains more charity than good reason, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

Saurin, Ball, and Joy—the first mentioned, of huguenot extraction, the last, a native of Belfast—were eminent as mere chamber or commercial lawyers; Mr. Saurin enjoying the most lucrative practice at the Irish bar; but they were not distinguished as orators, possessing the faculty of operating upon the sympathies or passions of a jury.—Sir Jonah Barrington (Judge of the Admiralty Court) extensively known for his humorous Reminiscences, enjoyed a respectable practice. His appearance was any thing but prepossessing. Though tall and well-proportioned, he had a sharp aquiline nose, pale complexion, small gray eyes, and was a good deal marked with the small-pox.

Right Honourable John Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by reason of the part taken by him on the question of the Union, was fully as unpopular as Lord Castlereagh. As a lawyer, his reputation was not above mediocrity; nor, in appearance, though tall and erect, was he, in any degree, prepossessing; being designated by

the sobriquet of Copper Jack. Lord Redesdale (a native of England, previously known as Sir John Mitford) was respectable as an equity lawyer, but had nothing in his character to merit a reminiscence in the historic page. His immediate successor (also a native of England) Lord Mannes,—previously known as Baron Sutton—was one of the noblest looking men I ever saw upon the bench. Tall, dark, silent, learned, and dignified, he commanded the respect of the whole profession; and, even in the Park, on horseback, it was impossible to pass him, without being arrested by the perfect gracefulness of his slender figure. Right Honourable George Ponsonby (pronounced Ponsomby) who officiated as lord-chancellor, during the short whig administration of Mr. Fox, was alike eminent, as a lawyer, an orator, and a statesman; and enjoyed universal esteem. I have seen Mr. Plunket, in the Court of Chancery, but not as Lord Plunket, on the bench of that court, of which he had been so eloquent and distinguished a member. He was of middling stature, and slightly made, of a pale complexion, with sandy-coloured hair and eyelashes, and, although called to the bar in the year 1787, is still living.



PART X.

Lord Cornwallis is succeeded by the Earl of Hardwicke—His great popularity—Robert Emmett—Thomas Addis Emmett—Counsellor Sampson—Emmett's insurrection—Murder of Lord Kilwarden and his nephew, Mr. Wolfe—Garrison of Dublin—Dispersion of Emmett's men—Mounting guard—Trial of the insurgents—Redmond attempts to commit suicide, in jail—His trial and execution—Arrest of Emmett—His trial, speech, and execution—Lord Norbury—Emmett's depot—Miss Curran and her sister.

THE Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland having been consummated, Lord Cornwallis was succeeded by the Earl of Hardwicke; a grand-son of the distinguished

lawyer, Sir Philip York, better known as Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. Equally beloved for his domestic virtues, and the impartiality with which he administered the duties of his exalted office, this nobleman became a universal favourite. The asperity of parties was softened down; persons who had been attached to the United Irish Society, no longer contemplated a resort to arms, but endeavoured, in a firm, constitutional manner, to obtain, through parliament, what they had vainly attempted to effect by revolution. It was, therefore, with mingled feelings of astonishment, and deep regret, that the orderly, respectable portion of the community, of all classes, learned that an insurrection, of a violent character, had broken out, in the city of Dublin. The leader of this most unjustifiable and unsuccessful *emeute*, was Robert Emmett; a young gentleman, then in his twenty-fifth year, (a son of Dr. Emmett, state physician, then recently deceased) who had been a distinguished student in Trinity College, but, shortly before the commencement of the rebellion, in '98, with several other students, had been dismissed from that institution, for his supposed connexion with the United Irish Society. His elder brother, Thomas Addis Emmett, counsellor at law, greatly his superior in years—afterwards one of the leading members of the New York bar—had been imprisoned, during an early stage of that revolutionary movement, but, on the arrival of Lord Cornwallis, as viceroy, had been, with many others, pardoned, on certain conditions; one of which was that of exilement in a foreign land. The two brothers, accompanied by Counsellor Sampson—also, at a subsequent period, a member of the same bar—took up their residence in the Valley of Montmorenci, in France; and Robert Emmett, with the knowledge, it was supposed, of his elder brother, one day departed from that place of refuge, and, under pretence of proceeding to the south of France, made his way to one of the neutral states in the north of Europe, and thence, to the capital of Ireland. Here, he remained, for a time, in strict seclusion; his presence known only to a few individuals in the city, of an extremely low position in society, and a young lady, Miss Curran (and perhaps her sister) a daughter of the celebrated advocate; for whom, from the season of boyhood, he had entertained a romantic passion, returned, on the part of the young lady, with equal sincerity and ardour. His proposal of marriage

with the long-cherished object of his affections, having been rejected by her father, it was now, perhaps, that, from the same cause, which, some years before, seemed to have precipitated Lord Edward Fitzgerald, first into the vortex of the French Revolution, and then into that of the Irish Rebellion, he sought to quell the emotions of an agitated bosom, and a distracted mind, unaided by a single individual holding a respectable position in society, by entering upon the desperate attempt of making himself master of a city, then garrisoned by a force of ten thousand men, and, having succeeded in that achievement, of revolutionizing the kingdom.

Saturday, the twenty-third of July, 1803, was the day chosen for this insane design. I was sitting in our house, situated on Merchants' Quay, directly opposite the Four Courts, where, in the evening, at least an hour before sunset, I was startled by the discharge of a single shot, apparently from a musket. This, as I the next day learned, was caused by a blunderbuss, fired at Mr. Edward Clarke, a magistrate of the county of Dublin, and proprietor of an extensive calico-printing establishment, at Palmerston, four miles distant from the city; who, on observing, throughout the day, the restless movements of the male portion of his numerous operatives, had ridden to the castle, to give information of that occurrence, to the government, and, on his return, was thus rewarded for his magisterial vigilance. Though most severely wounded in the breast, he made good his way back to the castle, and informed the commander what had happened to him; yet still, no preparations were made, against a threatened danger. Another magistrate, also, from Wicklow, had given similar information, but it was received with equal incredulity and supineness. A corps of yeomanry, the Liberty Rangers, returning, in the evening, from parade, were, many of them, beset with pikes; still, no measures were taken to guard against surprise, until, at length, when now dark, the drums of the twenty-first fusileers, beat to arms, and Colonel Brown, their commander, when mounting his horse, at his lodgings, in Bridgefoot Street, in order to join a detachment of his regiment, stationed at the Coombe, was shot dead.

The next scene in this unhappy tragedy, was the assassination of Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the king's bench, and his nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe; in the participation

of which, it is impossible to suppose that Mr. Emmett, was, in any degree, directly cognizant. Returning to his country seat, after discharging his usual duties on the bench, this truly humane and amiable man, was proceeding, in his carriage, accompanied by his nephew, and his nephew's wife, when, in passing through Thomas Street, not far distant from the old market-house, their progress was arrested by a brutal mob; by whom, he himself and his nephew were dragged from the carriage, and, in sight of the lady, most barbarously and wantonly murdered, by the repeated stabs of innumerable pikes. But the principal scene in this most extraordinary drama, occurred at the lower end of Francis Street; on the western side of which, Robert Emmett and his men, not exceeding about three hundred, most wretchedly armed, principally with pikes, had drawn up, after extinguishing the lamps, along the curb-stone; where, having been assailed by two or three companies of the twenty-first regiment, after a brief conflict, in which not a single injury was inflicted upon the soldiers, they were dispersed; carrying with them, through the adjacent narrow lanes, the bodies of the killed and wounded.

I was, at that time, together with one of my elder brothers, a member of the Grenadier Company of the Merchants' Infantry, which we had joined, a few months previously, when that corps, at the same time with all the other yeomanry corps in Ireland, shortly after the breach of the Peace of Amiens, had been re-organized, for the purpose of aiding in repelling a threatened invasion by the French. I had, therefore, a full opportunity of witnessing many things, and of entering places, not accessible to persons in coloured clothes. About five o'clock, on the morning after this unhappy outbreak, I was sitting in our parlour, in the second story of the house, when I beheld a car, laden with dead bodies, their legs dangling with the motion of the vehicle, passing up the opposite quay. When it had reached the Four Courts, a party of light dragoons appeared, at full trot, escorting the lord-lieutenant, on his way from the Lodge in the Phoenix Park, to his town residence, at the castle; and, when the viceroy had come within a few yards of this appalling spectacle, his horse being alarmed, made a bound of many yards, to avoid the approaching object; but his lordship maintained a firm seat in the saddle, seemed not in the least disturbed,

and, without looking to the right or left, resumed the middle of the street; and dashed, with his former rapidity, to the castle.

Soon afterwards, I proceeded towards Thomas Street, and, near the Market House, and the spot where the assassination had been committed, I perceived several groups of dead bodies, lying, here and there, on the pavement. Being informed that the bodies of Lord Kilwarden and his nephew, had been carried to the neighbouring watch-house, of the parish of St. Sepulchre, thither I went; and surely, a more horrible or lamentable spectacle, had seldom been presented. On the guard-bed, covered by a sheet, which too plainly betrayed the oozing of the life-blood from their many wounds, lay the gigantic body of the murdered nobleman and his reverend friend; not a single person, except myself, being then in the apartment, to disturb the solemnity of the awful scene!

Through the remainder of the day, the city continued to be greatly excited. Few persons ventured into the streets, except those in uniform—regulars, militia, and yeomanry. The garrison consisted of three regiments of infantry of the line; two of militia (in appearance and discipline in no way distinguishable from the former;) two of dragoons, a brigade of artillery, and about five thousand yeomanry, horse and foot, in handsome uniform, fully armed and equipped, and quite respectable in point of discipline. Recruits were constantly applying for admission, at the head-quarters of the yeomanry; and young gentlemen of high degree, and even the sons of noblemen, were busily employed in conveying arms and ammunition, from the castle to the several corps.

Late in the afternoon of Sunday, there occurred a serious alarm. The drums beat to arms, and men in uniform, with fixed bayonets, ran, in every direction, to their respective guard-rooms. It was supposed that the insurrection had broken out afresh, and, in a few minutes, every soldier in the city was at his post. The cause of the alarm, however, seemed to have proceeded from mere accident, or a wanton and ill-judged attempt to insult the military. It appears, that as the bodies of Lord Kilwarden and his nephew were conveyed, in hearses, from the watch-house already mentioned, to the late residence of the former, in Merion Square, a slate, or tile, either fell, or was thrown from the top of a

house in a narrow lane, through which they had to pass, called Skinner Row, which lighted upon some of the escort; and this being near the castle, and the party of dragoons supposing they were attacked, a change of their position suddenly took place, which, being observed by the sentinels at the castle, the gates were immediately closed, the guard turned out, and the drums ordered to beat to arms!

The city of Dublin is almost entirely encircled by two canals; one, called the Grand Canal, on the south, and the other, the Royal Canal, on the north. Opposite the termination of each principal street, extending to the banks of each of these canals, there was a stone bridge, defended by a picketed barrier, with gates and a guard-house, erected during the rebellion of '98, and still in sufficient repair. At each of these gates, were stationed, early in the evening of Sunday, a sergeant's guard of infantry, and two cavalry videttes, and over every three bridges, a lieutenant: at the Royal Exchange also, and at the Rotunda, there was stationed a captain's guard, of one hundred men; the entire garrison, of nearly twelve thousand, were kept on duty for several nights, and the additional guards, of which I have now spoken, were regularly mounted during the space of four months; the yeomanry doing duty in the night, the other troops in the day.

The insurrection commenced and terminated on the twenty-third of July; a simultaneous attempt, made to excite the people, in the county of Down, by Captain Russel, having proved entirely abortive. Except Robert Emmett himself, this individual (afterwards executed at Downpatrick) was the only person of education, concerned in this most deplorable attempt at a revolution; and, a young man, named Dennis Redmond, the only person known to be possessed of property.

A good many prisoners had been taken on the night of the insurrection; some of whom it was, of course, proper to bring to trial, on a charge of high treason, and also of murder. An application was accordingly made, to the government, by Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor, for an order to have the unfortunate men tried by court-martial; but Lord Hardwicke promptly refused to comply with this request, declaring, that he considered the civil power sufficiently effective to protect the government, and that they should have

the full benefit of a trial by a jury of their country. A special commission was then issued, to hold a court of Oyer and Terminer, in the Sessions House, in Green Street; at which, one of the twelve judges was to preside. Having been subpœnaed to give evidence on behalf of Redmond, I attended many days in that court; and never was more lenity shown in the prosecution, or impartiality on the part of the judges, than was exhibited at the several trials, during my presence in court. Mr. Standish O'Grady (afterwards chief-justice of the King's Bench) acted as attorney-general, and Mr. Plunket, (subsequently, Lord Plunket, lord-chancellor) as solicitor-general.

Dennis Redmond, whose name I have introduced, had served an apprenticeship to a hatter, in Parliament Street, and not being over-fond of that line of business, he was desirous of acquiring a more general knowledge of trade. He was accordingly introduced to our House, by a highly respectable shop-keeper (or *country merchant*, as he would be called in the United States) with a request that we would obtain for him a suitable situation, in the house of some one of our numerous friends; and, in the exercise of that hospitality, almost universally practised by persons, in Dublin, doing business with country purchasers, he was occasionally invited to our table. When subpœnaed to give evidence in his behalf, I became alarmed, fearing, that, when compelled to speak the *whole* truth, I should rather injure, than be of service to the young man. I accordingly waited upon Counsellor McNally, with whom I had some previous acquaintance, to know was he employed to defend Redmond, and, if so, to request that he would not examine me as a witness, as I had heard him speak rank treason, at my father's table, where he presumed he was safe, in the expression of his opinions. Mr. McNally replied, that I should be asked to testify, merely as regarded his *moral character*, and I rejoined that I believed it to be perfectly good, and should accordingly attend the court.

The morning fixed for Redmond's trial, at length arrived; and, when I was waiting to see the prisoner brought into court, to the amazement of all present, Baron George announced, that "the unfortunate young man had superseded the necessity of being passed upon by a jury, having, that moment, committed suicide, in the adjoining jail." A rush

was made by those particularly interested in his fate, and, amongst the number, I left the court, and followed the jailer, and a few others, into Newgate. Having ascended a short stone stair-case, from the yard, we entered a well-furnished apartment, on the first floor; in which, there was a well-appointed bed, with curtains, a decent carpet, some chairs, and a dressing-table; we were horror struck, at beholding poor Redmond, extended, with his huge length, on the floor, surrounded by a pool of blood. He lay on his back, motionless, his hands arranged in the manner of a corpse, and, was, to all appearance, beyond redemption, dead! We viewed him, for some minutes, in silent horror, mingled with a sentiment of pity. Presently, the venerable Mr. Leake, the city-surgeon, entered the apartment; and, inserting his finger into the wound, above his right ear, he announced it as his opinion, that he was not dead, that there was merely an abrasion and concussion of the skull, and that the ball, which had penetrated so far, would, on search, be found on the floor. His opinion was correct. Lying under the dressing-table, was a piece of lead—an elongated musket ball—which, being too large for the calibre of the pistol that had been used, the powder had not possessed sufficient strength, and it had rebounded from the prisoner's skull. This fact having been ascertained, the surgeon drew forth his knife, with which, having made a deep incision across the wound, he probed around it with his fingers; when, immediately, the prostrate youth began to bellow, and to kick and plunge, so that it required the united strength of all in the chamber, to hold him down. Having placed him on the bed, before morning he showed signs of returning consciousness; and, in a few days afterwards, I received another summons, to attend his trial. The right side of his head had been shaved; a black plaster laid upon the wound, and he had become as pale almost as death itself.

When I took my stand—(or rather *seat*) upon the table—for witnesses then *sat*, when giving their testimony—I was asked, by Counsellor McNally, the usual questions, as regarded Redmond's *moral character*; to which, having given favourable answers, I was on the point of descending from the table, when Mr. O'Grady, laying his hand upon my knee, put a question to me, touching my knowledge of the prisoner's *political opinions*. I was thus taken completely

aback, and, looking inquiringly, or rather piteously, at Mr. McNally, that gentleman promptly replied to the question of the attorney-general, that I had been called to give evidence merely as to Redmond's *moral character*; and, while they were discussing this little matter between them, I slipped quietly from the table, disappeared amidst the crowd; and, was not again, to my knowledge, required to resume my station.

The pistol, it was said, with which Redmond had attempted to evade the operation of the law, had been brought to him by his aunt, Mrs. Hatchell, a highly respectable lady, the mother of an intimate acquaintance of mine, the present Counsellor Hatchell, Q. C.; one of the barristers who afterwards defended O'Connell and his associates, when tried in the Queen's Bench, for inciting the people of Ireland to dissatisfaction with the existing government, by means of those monster-meetings, of which we have heard so much. Her object seemed to be the prevention of a forfeiture to the crown, of his real estate; Redmond being the owner of houses in the city, in value about three thousand pounds.

The next day after his conviction, Redmond was conveyed to the place assigned for his execution, opposite a house owned by him, on the Coal Quay. I was standing on the Inns' Quay, directly opposite; and, the cart having been drawn from under the triangle, his ponderous body swung heavily backwards; and, at that instant, hearing a most piercing shriek, I looked around, and, in one of the highest windows of a house directly opposite the gallows, I beheld a young woman, with dishevelled hair, and apparently, in an agony of grief. On inquiry, I learned that she had, for some time, been under the "protection" of the youthful victim of Robert Emmett's folly, and, impelled by a rather singular species of feminine attachment, had visited the scene of his expiring struggle.

The next person brought to trial, in whose fate much interest was felt, was Robert Emmett himself. More than two weeks had intervened, since the night of the insurrection, and it is probable, he might have escaped, had he not been infatuated with a desire to remain in the vicinity of Miss Curran. Her father resided, in summer, at a beautiful seat, near the base of the Dublin Mountains, about four miles west of the city; the approach to which was over the

Grand Canal, by means of Charlemont Bridge; and, in a house, not many yards from the latter, he was, one evening, arrested. The whole garrison being then on duty, I was not present at the trial; but I know that it was conducted with perfect fairness, and that he was defended by McNally, a man well qualified to take advantage of any informality in the indictment, who knew the rules of evidence, applicable to the charge of high treason, as well as any lawyer in existence, and whose feelings, personal as well as political, were warmly enlisted in favour of his unhappy client. The speech of Emmett, when, before sentence, he was asked, "What he had to say, &c.," was delivered, I believe, about eleven o'clock, on one of the darkest and most disagreeable nights that I ever experienced, at that season; and my recollection inclines me to the opinion, that the speech, as ever since published, is a literal transcript of the very words spoken by him, on that most distressing occasion. Emmett was an orator, both by nature and education, as was frequently evinced by him, when a member of the Historical Society, at College. But it is unfair to charge Lord Norbury with cruelty to the unhappy prisoner. The reply, which may be made to the question, "What have you to say, why sentence of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?" should consist of *matter of law*, in *arrest of judgment*; whereas, the entire of Robert Emmett's celebrated speech, consists of *matter of justification*, and cutting insult to the presiding judge. I speak, here, as a lawyer of some experience; and, moreover, I will go further, at the hazard of incurring the displeasure of my American friends and Americans in general, who are less intimately acquainted with the character of Lord Norbury, and also the circumstances of that ill-judged insurrection, that Lord Norbury, although wanting in sufficient dignity, and indulging too freely in jokes and puns, when on the bench, was not a person of cruel disposition, but possessed as humane a feeling towards unhappy prisoners, as the majority of judges, either on the Irish or the American bench; and also, that, in Ireland, and in the city of Dublin, in particular, from the great disproportion of means to accomplish so momentous an object, the decided amelioration of the administration of the laws, and the fact, of the people at large, both Roman Catholic and Protestant,—even those who had

been United Irishmen—having abandoned all idea of a resort to arms, that movement of Robert Emmett was considered entirely unjustifiable, and unqualifiedly condemned, by every intelligent and respectable individual in the kingdom.

The next day after his conviction, Robert Emmett was taken to the appointed place of execution. He was doomed to expiate his folly, in Thomas Street, near St. Catherine's Church, and directly opposite the head of Bridgefoot Street; his depot, or magazine, such as it was, being in a lane leading from that street, at the back of the City Marshalsea. I witnessed the distressing scene, from a window near the church, about sixty yards from the temporary platform which he had to ascend. He was a slender young man, about five feet ten inches in height, with light, sandy-coloured hair, and thin whiskers, and had the appearance of being near-sighted. Like all his confederates, he seemed perfectly collected, ascended the ladder with a firm, steady step, and, when the support was withdrawn from under him, the movement of his hands, and the lower portions of his arms, seemed, for a few seconds, to indicate some degree of suffering; caused by the fact, perhaps, of the rope, used on the occasion, having been suspended, during the preceding night, exposed to rain; it having been applied to the same purpose, in the execution of one of his friends, on the day before.

I had been in Emmett's depot, the day following the insurrection. It was a small two-story building, nearly in a state of ruin, appurtenant to a neighbouring brewery, of a friend of mine, Mr. John Coleman; who, having been brought before the privy-council, experienced some difficulty in persuading that body of the perfect ignorance of the purpose for which it had been rented from him, by an unknown agent of Robert Emmett. The floor was strewed with gun-powder, and some powder was also packed in bags; part of which, our corps used, when firing blank-cartridges; and certainly a more wretched imitation of an efficient *matériel* of war, never was manufactured. It blackened both our faces, and our scarlet uniforms, and left our muskets in such a state, that, after a few discharges, they became useless, and required to be carefully washed.

Robert Emmett's men, however, had little occasion for

gun-powder; their arms being almost exclusively pikes, of a most wretched description. Instead of being of ash, handsomely rounded off, like those used by the people in the rebellion of '98, the handles were made out of a common, rough deal-board, flat-cut, with the corners a little taken off; and the heads, instead of being shaped like regular halberds, consisted of a piece of nail-rod iron, about nine inches long, clumsily fastened, at one end, by a couple of rings; hundreds of which, it is probable, can yet be seen in one of the buildings in the Lower Castle Yard; to which, also, the arms delivered up by the people, in the rebellion of '98, were all conveyed.

The number of persons executed, at that time, according to the best of my recollection, was about sixteen. Part of the sentence was, that the head was to be cut off; the executioner holding it up, in one hand, and exclaiming, three times, "This is the head of a traitor!" Whether or not Robert Emmett suffered decapitation after death, I know not, as I very soon left the melancholy scene; but I am inclined to think, that, in his case, that final ceremony was omitted; and I believe that his body was conveyed, by his friends, to the family burying-ground, at St. Werburgh's Church.

I have spoken of Miss Curran, as probably the chief attraction by which Emmett was drawn to the Irish Capital. Mr. Curran had two daughters. I have been in company with them both, and have frequently conversed with them. They were so much alike, that they might have been taken for twins. Neither of them was handsome; they had a dingy complexion, not unlike that of their distinguished father; and were a good deal freckled, with dark hair, approaching to black. They were extremely playful and lively, and seemed inclined to indulge in innocent mischief. Robert Emmett's favourite, I have heard, became insane; and, when recovered, married a clergyman in England; but, whether or not she be now living, I am unable to say.

PART XI.

The Duke of Bedford, lord-lieutenant—Duchess of Bedford—Her loss at cards—Duchess of Gordon and the skip rope—Duke of Richmond, lord-lieutenant—His duels with the Duke of York and Theophilus Swift—Mademoiselle Queraillle—Duke of Wellington—Mr. Peel, Irish secretary, challenges O'Connell—Death of the Duke of Richmond, in Canada, of hydrophobia—Archibald Hamilton Rowan—His return from exile.

THE year after those unhappy occurrences, the Earl of Hardwicke was succeeded, in the viceroyal office, by the Duke of Bedford (father of the present prime minister of England) a nobleman, who not only professed, but also practised those liberal principles, for which the family of Russel had been so long distinguished. He was married to Lady Georgiana Gordon, a daughter of the Duke of Gordon; one of four sisters, all of whom were fortunate in contracting marriages with noblemen of very exalted rank. The Duchess of Gordon was a woman of a *managing* disposition, judging by what the author has heard, both with regard to her own elevation, and the rank to which she aspired, for her children. She was the daughter of an humble apothecary, who resided in a small village, near the Highlands of Scotland; through which, the Duke of Gordon occasionally passed, on his way to his remote estates. One day, his lordship's carriage having broken down, he stopped in the village, to have it repaired, and took up his quarters at the inn, directly opposite her father's house. The young lady had heard that his grace was a single man, and thought she would lose nothing by endeavouring to attract his notice. She accordingly brought out her skip-rope; and, with the agility of a village belle, showed off to so much advantage, that the duke viewed her with admiration, ere he took his departure, was introduced, and, in due course of time, having offered her a coronet, she became his wife.

Having managed so well for herself, she was determined

to do equally well, if possible, for her daughters, and to have a duke for each of the four. The young ladies being attractive, without much trouble, she succeeded in obtaining, for the two eldest, noblemen of the desired rank—the Duke of Manchester and the Duke of Richmond—but, several years elapsed, before she was equally fortunate with regard to Lady Georgiana; although the best looking of the four. She fixed upon the elder brother of the present possessor of the title, John, Duke of Bedford; the handsomest man in the list of the British peerage, and who, moreover, enjoyed an estate of seventy thousand pounds per annum. The duke said he liked the girl well enough, but that no woman in existence should be *forced* upon *him*; and, accordingly, when Lady Georgiana and her mother made their appearance at one watering-place, his lordship would regularly flee to another. At length, that popular young nobleman met with an accident, when hunting, which caused his death; and, in a reasonable time, the same game was played with his successor to the title, which terminated in the union of the parties. Thus, the mother had accomplished three-fourths of her ambition, having obtained three dukes for her sons-in-law; but the remaining girl, becoming rather *passé*, she judged it prudent to abate a little of her aspirations, and be contented with a son-in-law one degree below the rank of duke; the Marquis Cornwallis, son of the deceased viceroy.

Like many other ladies in high life, it was said that the Duchess of Bedford was fond of the card-table, and that, at one sitting, she lost twenty-thousand pounds. Not having the funds to discharge this debt of honour, she, the next morning, made the loss known to her husband; who offered to extricate her from this very humiliating position, on one condition—that she would never play another card—with which, having complied, the duke gave her a check on his banker for the whole amount; and, it is only justice to the duchess, to record, that she faithfully performed her promise.

The Duke of Bedford was succeeded in the viceroyalty, by the Duke of Richmond; previously well known as the Colonel Lenox, who had fought a duel with the Duke of York, second son of George III. They quarrelled about a setting-dog, and the colonel having shot off one of the side-curls of his royal highness, the misunderstanding was

accommodated between them. Shortly afterwards, the colonel having arrived in Dublin, with his regiment, an attorney of the city, Mr. Theophilus Swift, feeling deeply incensed and indignant, that a subject should have challenged, to mortal combat, a member of the royal family, sought occasion of a quarrel with Colonel Lenox. They fought in the Phoenix Park, and the attorney returned from the field of honour with a ball in his hip. The colonel was not of a vindictive disposition; and, when he visited the Irish Capital, at a future day, he sent for his former antagonist, and, during his stay in Dublin, treated him, in his "potations deep," as one of his warmest friends.

The Duke of Richmond, a tall man, with a dark complexion, was one of the four peers, of the same rank, who were descended, illegitimately, from Charles II. The name of his fair ancestor, was Mademoiselle Queraille, one of the ladies of the court of Louis XIV.; by whom, she had been brought to Calais, after having been selected by Charles' own sister, the Duchess of Orleans, for the purpose of persuading the amorous monarch, by the allurements of her beauty, to consent to the conquest of the Low Countries, by the French King. He died, more than twenty years ago, in a cabin, in Canada, when acting as governor, in consequence of his hand, which was slightly abraded, having been licked by a favourite dog. The Lord — Lenox, who was a passenger in the ill-fated steam-ship, the *President*, on her way from New York to Bristol, was one of his sons.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, who obtained the title of the Duke of Wellington, for his splendid victories in the Peninsula, was, for some time, the chief secretary of the Duke of Richmond. He enjoyed that office, even when he defeated Kellerman at Vameira; and I well remember passing him, in review, in the Phoenix Park, on the King's birth day, shortly after his return from Portugal. He appeared to me, in height about five feet ten inches; which is much taller than he is described, in some of the popular novels of the day; and a more graceful figure I never saw on a horse's back.

The successor of Sir Arthur, in the office of secretary, was Mr. Peel; who, on the death of his father, about fifteen years ago, became Sir Robert Peel. Mr. Peel, though of quite an unassuming and modest demeanor, had much the appearance, in the street, of a high-bred gentleman. He

had married a relation of the Duke of Richmond, was, at that time, about four and twenty, slender, and rather above the middle size, and had light brown hair.

This period was the epoch of the movement made for the repeal of the Union, by Mr. Daniel O'Connell, then in about the thirtieth year of his age. It cannot be denied, by any impartial observer, that Mr. O'Connell was, in a high degree intemperate and personal in his language, when addressing his partizans, in public; and his most sarcastic shafts seemed aimed at the new secretary, Mr. Peel. The consequence was a challenge, by the latter, and their both proceeding on their way to Scotland, for the purpose of meeting in the field; a rencounter happily prevented by their arrest.

About this time, the celebrated Archibald Hamilton Rowan returned from exile. He was a son of Mr. Gawin Hamilton, of Killeleagh, in the county of Down, had been one of the earliest persons concerned in the organization of the United Irish Society, and, soon after the suspension of the habeas corpus act, had been imprisoned, in Newgate, on suspicion of high treason. Some months had elapsed, without any indication of his being indicted, but, at length, he received information from a friend, that it had been determined that he would very shortly be brought to trial, on a charge of having participated in a correspondence with the government of France. Arrangements were, therefore, made, for his escape; and May Eve having been fixed upon for that purpose, a number of boys were employed, to kindle bonfires, and make as much bustle as possible, in the open space, in front of the prison. His wife paid him her accustomed visit; and, as the keepers were ignorant of the design of bringing him to trial, little caution was used, to prevent his escape. When Mrs. Rowan was taking her departure, he accompanied her to the outside gate, and, having descended the steps, and handed her into her carriage, he quickly followed her, unnoticed. Another carriage having been placed alongside, Mr. Rowan walked right through the first, without stopping, into the other; and, ere his departure was discovered, had escaped, in a direction unknown to the keepers; and, every thing having been previously arranged, he made good his way to the United States.

Having visited Wilmington, in the state of Delaware, and met with some person who had a slight knowledge of calico-

printing, Mr. Rowan commenced that business, on the Brandywine Creek, about two miles from the town, at an old building, now, and perhaps also then, the property of one of the family of Canby. The humble stone dwelling-house, in which he resided, with no other companion than an Irishman, named Higgins, is still, as well as the former building, in existence; and the little green is shown, on which he bleached his cloth. The descent from the main road to this place, is almost precipitous, and covers a distance of more than half a mile; yet, up this hill, and down it, also, did the illustrious exile, reared as a gentleman, formerly the visitant of courts, at home and on the continent, convey, in a wheel-barrow, his finished and unfinished cloth, and nearly every article used on his little grounds. He also entered on the business of brewing, on the same stream; and, with perfect resignation conveyed the beer, on a barrow, made so large that it could accommodate a number of barrels. But Mr. Rowan was a man of unusual bodily power. In height, above six feet, he stood before you a Hercules, erect, well-proportioned, and displaying a prominence, both of bone and muscle, without the least appearance of obesity, in a degree seldom witnessed in the human frame. He was not, however, a handsome man; sternness and resolution being his chief characteristics. The lineaments of his face, are well preserved, in a bust, sent, by himself, from Europe, which may be seen in a house, at one of the toll-gates in the neighbourhood of Wilmington. His wife, also, was nearly as tall as her husband; and his two daughters, both of whom I have frequently seen, partook of the height and exterior of their father.

Mr. Rowan had been permitted to return to his native country, and enjoy the family estate, on condition of his pleading the royal pardon in the King's Bench, in order to remove his attaindre. He was, in a short time, threatened with several law-suits, which were averted by a resort to arbitration. To Mr. Tresham Gregg, who had acted as chief turnkey, in Newgate, at the time of his escape, and, who, for his indulgence, had been dismissed from office, and reduced to poverty, was awarded the sum of fifteen hundred pounds; and, to Mr. Hamilton, his relative, an attorney, residing in Dominick Street, several thousand pounds, for his unwearied exertions in collecting the rents of his wife's estate, from timid and obstinate tenants, part of which he re-

mitted to his principal ; incurring, thereby, the hazard of a prosecution.

The Captain Rowan, who afterwards commanded a British seventy-four, at the siege of Fort McHenry, was a son of the celebrated patriot.

PART XII.

Series of remarkable and fatal duels—Mr. Hatchell and Mr. Morley—
Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough—Major Campbell and Captain Boyd—
Execution of Major Campbell, for murder.

THE challenge given by Mr. Peel to O'Connell, reminds me of a series of duels, each of which was fatal to one of the antagonists, and attended with something remarkable, in the result. The first of these, was between Mr. Morley, an attorney at law, and Mr. Hatchell, a young barrister, whose name has been already introduced ; with both of whom, and the wife of the former, I was intimately acquainted. Like many other junior practitioners, when first admitted to the bar, the latter eked out a scanty income, by reporting a few important cases for the press. In one of these, Mr. Morley having been employed as attorney, charged Mr. Hatchell with having reported erroneously, to the injury of his client, and requested the reporter to publish an avowal of the error ; but the latter persisting in the correctness of the report, warm expressions were interchanged, which induced Mr. Hatchell to challenge the attorney. Having gone to the field, Mr. Morley was killed, at the first shot ; and Mr. Hatchell appeared, voluntarily, at the next court of oyer and terminer, to stand his trial. The plea of " not guilty," having been given to the indictment, proclamation was made, for " the next of kin," to appear and prosecute. Immediately a venerable old gentleman, the Rev. Mr. McKay, of the established church, addressed the court ; saying, that he was the father of Mr. Morley's widow, that he had made inquiry into the

circumstances of the duel, and, being satisfied that "it had been conducted in the manner usually practised by gentlemen," he would offer no evidence. Mr. Hatchell was, of course, acquitted. Mr. Morley had been twice married; the second time, to the widow of the Earl of Belvidere, a nobleman far advanced in years, who had married the young Miss McKay, on account of her youth and beauty; and, leaving her a handsome dower, she was an object not to be slighted by a member of the second class of the legal profession; the two branches, represented by counsellor and attorney, being, in practice, entirely distinct. The latter institutes the action, and prepares the pleadings; the former reviews the pleadings, conducts the case in court, and, when consulted, gives his advice in matters of law. The counsellor is a person of liberal, collegiate education; the attorney, examined only as regards his knowledge of the Latin tongue.

The next affair of the kind, worthy of remembrance, was between Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough, (pronounced Cokeley) near the city of Wexford. These two gentlemen were, at this time, candidates for seats in the imperial parliament; and the election was proceeding, when the former charged the latter with tampering unfairly with his particular friends. This was denied; a meeting took place, and, at the first fire, Mr. Colclough was killed. A vindictive prosecution ensued, and Mr. Alcock was brought to trial, for murder. An attempt was made to show that the survivor had worn, in the field, glasses of a higher magnifying power than usual, and every exertion used to obtain a verdict of conviction. The prosecution, however, failed. The presiding judge was Baron Smith, one of the severest moralists of all the twelve judges on the Irish bench; yet, after recapitulating the evidence, and giving a history of the statute and common law, affecting the case, he charged the jury, that "the *only question* they had to decide, was, whether or not the duel had been conducted according to the rules established amongst gentlemen; if they were satisfied that it had been so conducted, they must acquit the prisoner;" and they accordingly rendered a verdict of acquittal.

The last of these rencontres (for the case I am now about to record, could not be properly considered as a *duel*) was between two officers of the twenty-first regiment of infantry, known as the Scotch Fusileers—Major Campbell and Cap-

tain Boyd. The regiment was then quartered at Newry; a town in the north of Ireland, situated partly in the county of Down, and partly in Armagh. There had been a review in the forenoon; and, at dinner, a conversation occurred, regarding the manner in which the major had manœuvred the regiment; Captain Boyd commenting on the tactics of the major, in a way which gave his superior officer offence. Major Campbell having left the table, retired to his chamber, in the barracks, and, having loaded a case of pistols, proceeded to a large room adjacent, and sent his servant with his compliments to Captain Boyd, saying that he wished to see him. The latter promptly obeyed the summons, and, having entered the room, the major, instantly closing the door, handed the captain one of the pistols, saying, "Captain Boyd, you have insulted me; you must give me satisfaction."—"Not without friends, sir?" "Yes, by G——d, this moment; take your ground." Fearing to be branded as a coward, the captain received one of the pistols, and their discharge quickly brought their brother-officers from the mess. The captain had been hit, had fallen upon a chair, and, in the act of expiring, was able only to articulate, "Major Campbell, you are a bad man; you hurried me; you know I said we should have friends;" and he breathed his last.

There could be only one opinion, in relation to this tragical affair. Captain Boyd had been taken by surprise, and murdered. The major was accordingly brought to trial, at the ensuing assizes, in the city of Armagh, was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung. He was a husband, the father of eight children; Captain Boyd, left a widow, with nine. The wife of Major Campbell was not wanting in affection, in this afflicting crisis. The regular packet having sailed from Dublin to Holyhead, she procured a fast-sailing pilot-boat, crossed over to the opposite coast, proceeded, with post-horses, to London, and threw herself at the feet of the prince-regent; supplicating his royal-highness to extend mercy to her husband, herself, and her eight children. But her petition was refused. Agonized, doubtless, by this heart-rending appeal made to his clemency, in the last resort, the prince replied, that, much as he felt for her distressed situation, the law, in this case, must take its course: he had most attentively read the report of the trial, and had come to the same

decision as the jury, that the affair had not been conducted in that manner which was well understood amongst men of honour. Major Campbell was, accordingly, executed; in his fate, clearly marking the distinction between a fair duel, and a hasty assassination, without the presence of friends.

PART XIII.

The Author removes to the county of Meath—State of the country—Operations of carding a man's back—Is robbed, by three men, on the highway—Pursuit of the robbers, their arrest, and execution—Deadly conflict with the police—Patroles organized by Gustavus Lambert and the author—Burglars taken and executed, and the neighbourhood cleared of marauders—Robbery of the Marquis Wellesley's agent, at Dangan Castle—Roger O'Connor tried for robbing the Cork mail.

HAVING resided ten years in the city of Dublin, in the summer of 1810, I removed with my family, to the county of Meath, to a property I had recently purchased, on the river Boyne, about four miles below Navan, and about eight above the site of the celebrated battle; and also within view of the ruins of Tara, so prominent in the ancient history of Ireland. My residence was also within about a dozen miles of Dangan Castle, situated in the same river, the birth-place of the Iron Duke.

During the first three years of my residence at this place, the neighbourhood was as free from acts of violence, as any other in the province of Leinster; but a change for the worse, at length, took place, which rendered it unsafe, either to travel alone, or to trust to the ordinary security of bolts and bars, against midnight robbers. Every Sunday morning, we regularly expected to hear of some one or more houses having been forcibly entered, the night before, by a gang of perhaps a dozen fellows; not industrious, labouring men, with families, driven, by necessity, to eke out a precarious subsistence, by this resort to burglarious violence—for there

was no want of employment—but stout, hearty, bull-necked young fellows, who had adopted this mode of life, in the mere indulgence of a savage disposition, and a hatred of the restraints of law. I have seen, at the county-town of Trim, more than sixty individuals, of this description, arraigned, for capital offences, at one session of the Assizes; and have, myself, sat on a jury, before whom were tried not less than twelve fellows, for the joint offence of burglary, and the barbarous practice called “carding.” This operation is performed by stripping the unhappy father of the family to his bare skin, stretching him on his face upon a table, and, while he is held fast, by a sufficient number of the gang, one of them places upon his back a piece of strong leather; thickly stuck with four-penny nails; a second hammers it into his body by a *quantum sufficit* of the beetle, and a third drags it, downwards, through the lacerated and bleeding flesh; the operation being repeated, until the sufferer, in his agony, either discloses the whereabouts of his little treasure, or promises, perhaps, to reduce his rents.

Difference in religion had no part in these barbarous inflictions. There existed, in the county of Meath, no sectarian animosity, whatever; there being, at that time, as far as my knowledge extended, only two sects, the Roman Catholic, and the Church of England; the former outnumbering the latter, in the proportion of at least five to one; yet, all lived together in perfect harmony.

I was favoured with a full share of the spoliations by the highway robbers. I had gone to the fair of Navan, in order to purchase a draft-horse; having, while there, heard of three gentlemen that were that morning robbed, on their way, severally, to that place. Having stopped, on my way home, to dine with some friends, the miscellaneous conversation in which we indulged, had driven these occurrences from my memory; and, having remounted my horse, rather a dull animal, not generally used for the saddle, I was jogging along, the sun yet about an hour high, looking at the men reaping in the fields, and, having reached a spot entirely overhung, on one side, by a lofty thorn hedge, my progress was arrested, and my horse brought nearly round, by the hand of a man, thrown over the reins, on the right side. I looked at him, for an instant, with astonishment and surprise, as he was endeavouring to cock a pistol, supposing he

intended assassination, and quickly sprung from my horse, to the opposite side; stooping, to avoid the expected shot; when, lo! I ran right against another fellow, flanked by a well-grown boy; each, also, with a pistol, of the same description, in his hand. They were all three dressed precisely alike,—in the same way as the southern peasantry, with decent gray “trusties,” or great coats, new woollen hats, and their necks bare. My horse having proceeded homewards, the three fellows drew up in front of me, and, at the same time, two women passed in the space between us, apparently unconscious of their design. Another woman, also, was standing at the door of a porter’s lodge, and a boy was sitting on one of the piers of the gate; by whom, I afterwards learned, that the whole proceeding had been observed. The men did not demand any thing; but, well knowing, now, what was their object, I handed them some silver, and, when they seemed dissatisfied, I gave them my watch. They seemed on the point of starting, but, wishing to detain them a little longer, for the purpose of being able afterwards to identify them, I reached them a large memorandum book, covered with morocco leather, which they eagerly inspected, and returned to me, at my particular request. During the inspection, I was not idle. Being now perfectly collected, I ran my eyes along their faces, several times, most carefully, and completely fixed, in my memory, their features and expression. At length, one of them said, “Go on,” and they all disappeared behind the lofty hedge.

Scarcely had they departed, when several of the countrymen, whom I knew, came up, and, at my request, they pursued the fellows, until, as I was subsequently informed, they became intimidated, by the presenting of their pistols. Having overtaken my horse, and remounted, I retraced my steps, and rode into Navan, for assistance. I went to the house of the chief magistrate, who caused me briefly to give evidence, on oath, of my having been robbed; and, proceeding with me to the barracks, obtained an escort of four of the seventh hussars, and a pistol for myself. We galloped through the town, and along the Dublin Road, about a mile, until we reached the bridge which crossed the Boyne; then, sending two of the hussars towards Dublin, with instructions to arrest them, should they have previously crossed the bridge, I turned to the left, with the remaining two, and proceeded in

a direction to intercept the robbers. It had now become dark, and we searched the fields, without success; until, giving up the chase, in despair, about eleven o'clock, escorted by the two hussars, I reached home; finding my family in some degree of alarm, with regard to the result of this rencontre.

I afterwards learned, that we passed within a few yards of the robbers, who were lying in a ditch, covered with thorns.

The next morning, having visited the town, I was not a little annoyed by the intelligence I received from the magistrate. He told me that the two hussars, whom I had sent forward along the Dublin Road, had stopped at a public house, to drink, that, while regaling themselves within, some one had adroitly despoiled their holsters of their pistols; and moreover, that the soldiers, on their part, had taken, from a car, standing at the door, a piece of linen. This was not all. These fellows continued, for many days, to persecute me, for the price of their arms; saying, that they must either pay the price of them, or be flogged; to which, I at length, replied, that they well deserved punishment, for their unsoldierlike behaviour; from which time, their importunity ceased.

Although, however, the brigands escaped my pursuit in the field, all three were, eventually, taken, and brought to justice. Having described their persons to my brother, then residing in Dublin, only a few days elapsed, before I received a letter from him, stating that two of their number were supposed to be in custody. I accordingly went up to the city, and, having gone to the police-office, situated in a "court," near the Royal Exchange, I requested the magistrate to bring into the apartment all the male prisoners then confined, in order that I might give the fellows fair play, and not assent to the identity of men brought before me, as the very persons I had described. At least a dozen were accordingly ushered in; and I had little difficulty in identifying two of them, as the robbers. "This man," said I, pointing to a stout-built fellow, with reddish-coloured hair, and blue eyes, is the man against whom I ran, after I had dismounted from my horse; and this, I think, is the boy, who stood on his right; but there is one wanting, very like this boy (they were both handsome fellows, real Milesians, with black hair and eyes, like Spaniards) who stopped my horse"—"Yes:"

said the elder prisoner, whose name was Dunn; "we robbed this gentleman, and the other man is this boy's brother." I then told the magistrate, that I would swear positively to Dunn; but that I was not quite certain as to his companion; being reluctant that a boy, of not more than nineteen, should be hung.

What was done with the boy, I never learned. It is probable, he was sent on board the navy. Dunn, having been transmitted to the jail of Trim, to stand his trial, escaped from prison; and, having committed another felony, in the adjoining county of Louth, was tried, at Dundalk, and convicted; but his case, having, on a nice point of law, been submitted to the Twelve Judges, he got clear for that offence, and was again sent to the jail of Meath. He was a most hardy and dangerous ruffian; having, some time before I had the honour of his acquaintance, joined in an assault upon the Dublin Horse Police, and, after a most desperate and sanguinary encounter, disarmed them; and, subsequently, with his confederates, he entered the barrack of the seventh hussars, at Drogheda, and stole the three pistols, and also three sabres, cut short by them, and concealed beneath their coats, with which they were armed, on the day of the Navan fair.

On the second Monday in September, 1814, I was preparing to visit another fair, held that day, in Navan, when I received intelligence of the capture of three notorious highway robbers—Shaw, Spicer, and another—after a most sanguinary contest with a small party of the police; one of whom was killed. Proceeding, on foot, I beheld, on the high road, a party, seemingly in great confusion; and, coming up with them, I found that they consisted of four of the police, having in their custody three men, all wounded in the head, with cloths tied around them, to stop the blood. The fellows had come to a stand, and backed up against the wall of Dollardstown Demesne, challenging their escort to fight or wrestle with them, when I presented one of my pistols at them, and threatened to fire, if they did not proceed. This menace was successful: they now went forward, only occasionally stopping, and holding down their heads, for the purpose of permitting the accumulated blood to fall, from their wounds, upon the road.

We had not proceeded a mile, when I espied, approaching,

a number of persons, one of whom seemed to be in custody, and, when they came nearer, I identified the prisoner as the elder Finnegan, by whom I had been stopped, near that very place, at the preceding fair. He had been pursued by a farmer, at whom he presented a pistol, and snapped, when the former, levelling his musket, charged with slugs, shot him through one of his wrists, and he fell, and surrendered. Having put the four ruffians into a cart, we carried them to the jail of Navan; whence, in due course of time, they were conducted to the prison at Trim, and, together with Dunn, having been tried and convicted, suffered death.

Such a state of society was not to be patiently endured. I was fortunate in having a most estimable neighbour, Gustavus Lambert, Esq., of Beau Parc; a gentleman of easy fortune, and, as a magistrate, an example of active usefulness, combined with lenity and dignified independence. It is happy for the people of Great Britain and Ireland, that this office is not, as in the United States, obtained by the solicitation of starving politicians, but presented, spontaneously, with few exceptions, to gentlemen of high character and property; by whom, it is exercised, not for the sake of gain, for they seldom accept a fee, but for the sole benefit of the community at large. Mr. Lambert and myself held frequent consultations, with regard to the most effective mode of purging the neighbourhood from the daily and nightly pest, with which it was then infected; and, at length, determined each to organize a patrol, for the purpose of occasionally ranging the vicinity, by night, and arresting every person whom we encountered, of suspicious appearance. Mr. Lambert selected the south side of the Boyne; and to me, was assigned the north. He was to send out a small party of the police, and I was to patrol with an equal number of my tenants. A burglary, attended with great barbarity, having been committed in the adjoining parish, we were, for some time afterwards, on the alert; and one night, I encountered two fellows, carrying bundles, who said they were on their way to Drogheda, to take shipping for Liverpool. From questions put to them, however, I suspected the truth of their statement, and, having conducted them to my house, had their baggage examined; which we found to contain wearing apparel of every description, male and female; one article of which was marked with the name of the person

whose house had been plundered, about a week before. Giving each fellow his bundle to carry, I marched them off to the jail, at Navan. Day was just breaking, as we reached the bridge near the town, which crosses the Boyne; when one of the prisoners, untying his bundle, flung it over our heads into the river, and both endeavoured to escape. Quick as lightning; however, we presented our arms at them; and, one of my party, having thrown off his coat, plunged into the river, and, with a dive, caught hold of a pair of leather small-clothes, and brought them safely to shore. This was the most important garment of the whole, being marked with the owner's name. After several other ineffectual attempts to gain their liberty, we carried them to the prison, and soon were informed that they were notorious mail-robbers, for whose apprehension a reward had been offered, by the post-master-general. One of them turned king's evidence, which caused the arrest and conviction of a number of other marauders. The other was convicted and executed; and, while I remained in the country, we were never afterwards troubled with robberies, either night or day. Our district *got a bad name*, amongst those who subsisted on the industry of their neighbours: they indignantly abandoned our society, and sought employment in some other neighbourhood, where the magistrates were not so much on the alert.

For my services, thus rendered to the community, I was tendered a commission of the peace, by the lord-lieutenant; but I refused the honour; as I had then determined to dispose of my property, and take up my future abode in the United States.

In a previous part of this memoir, I have introduced the name of Mr. Arthur O'Connor, as a conspicuous character, amongst those arrayed against the government. He had an elder brother, Mr. Roger O'Connor, who, some time after the conclusion of the rebellion, and his release from prison, settled in the county of Meath, and became conspicuous in a very different sphere of action. During my attendance at the assizes at Trim, a suit was tried, against the townland in which he resided, arising out of the following circumstance. He had become the tenant of Dangan Castle, and the appurtenant demesne, the estate of the Marquis Wellesley, at the annual rent of two thousand pounds, payable half yearly; and, when notified, by the agent, who resided a few miles

distant, at 'Trim, to call upon him, and pay his rent, he claimed the strict privilege of a tenant, and replied, that the agent must collect the rent *upon the land*. The latter accordingly rode out to the castle; and, having been shown into a parlour, Mr. O'Connor shortly afterwards appeared. The agent having stated the object of his visit, Mr. O'Connor produced a huge roll of notes, of the Bank of Ireland, one thousand in number, *all quite new, and each of the value of one pound*. Wishing to mark the notes, the agent asked for a pen and ink. "*There are none in the house,*" was the reply. He gave a receipt, and, having taken his departure, was on his way to the stable, where he had left his horse, when, on his passing through a dense shrubbery, which intervened, he was suddenly beset by two men, with black crape drawn over their faces, the notes were all taken from him, his hands bound, he was put into a sack, and left on the ground. His cries having attracted the notice of some of the domestics, he was released; and, on returning to the parlour, Mr. O'Connor shortly afterwards appeared, and in a few minutes, his two sons; all, of course, affecting astonishment, at the singular event.

The rent having been lost, by a robbery *in the day time*, in conformity with the law, an action was brought against the "townland," for the recovery of the amount: the foregoing is the testimony of the agent; and a verdict was rendered in favour of the landlord.

There prevailed only one opinion, respecting the perpetrators of that outrage; and, a charge, subsequently brought against Mr. O'Connor, of having robbed the Cork Mail Coach, coupled with the destruction, some time before, of the castle, by fire, confirmed the public in their suspicions. Having been brought to trial, he was acquitted, chiefly by reason of the testimony, given by Sir Francis Burdett, and other distinguished individuals, brought over from England, of his good moral character, antecedently to his having become the associate of some of the worst persons in the community.

Here, terminates, for the present, the INCIDENTS RECALLED, of a life, passed in a period as eventful as any that the history of the world records.

THE END.

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